

NEW STATESMAN

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The Great Westminster Disaster

For this Government, sorrows are indeed coming not as single spies but in battalions. The death of Anthony Crosland removed a distinguished figure from a team which looks far less impressive than in 1974. Minatory rumblings from trade unions, dramatised by the Leyland strike, make the prospects of a renewal of the social contract distinctly dubious. Though the unemployment figures are fractionally better, the inflation rate is emphatically worse. Now the Government is visibly reeling from its defeat on the guillotine vote, and still more from the wholly unexpected dimensions of that defeat. Whether the Devolution Bill is abandoned or allowed to limp towards extinction, the Nationalists have no further motive for keeping the Government in office. A vote of no confidence at any time could well bring the catastrophe.

It must be said that on the devolution issue the Government has wholly failed to carry conviction. Little effort was made to persuade English opinion of the justice of the scheme; meanwhile, both in content and in presentation it fell far short of responding to the forceful emotions of nationalism. Even the use of the bureaucratic jargon-word 'devolution' instead of the evocative 'Home Rule' was symptomatic. The Bill itself was a civil service product in the worst sense – complicated, obscure and timid. No one has ever explained why the Scots' Assembly was to be denied taxation powers or a real capacity to reshape Scotland's economy. Altogether, it was a project despised by its opponents and viewed with little pride by its friends.

This blundering and unimaginative style has been typical of a Government which, on almost every issue, has become fatally out of touch with the people whose support and understanding it needs. Working-class men and women do not see why they should accept a fall in their living standards, when they need only scan the *Sun* or the *Mirror* to see that the opulent elements in society (including Sir Harold Wilson's entourage) are still doing very nicely. Socialists, brought up to regard unemployment as a moral evil and an economic futility, do not see why they must in-

definitely accept it as a regrettable necessity. People of all classes, when they are directly affected, do not see the advantage of heart-breaking delays, lower standards, and staff shortages at a time of unemployment – whether in the schools, the hospitals, the social services, the care of the elderly, the nursery schools or the libraries. Practically nobody sees why each successive foreign loan should be depicted as a triumph. Practically nobody believes that prosperity is at the end of the rainbow. None of our ministers explains any of this in terms that are even remotely convincing. The conclusion is that the Government has no real plan, no real principles, and not even much idea of what it will be doing – or rather allowing itself to be forced into doing – in a couple of months' time. Cynicism, the most corrosive threat to democracy, has been growing steadily for the last ten years and is now as far out of control as inflation.

For the Labour Party, there are two grave concerns. One is how to save this Government from collapse. The other and far more fundamental concern is for the moral and political health of the party. Labour leaders of the stamp of James Callaghan are fond of presenting themselves as pragmatists, unburdened by doctrinaire ideology. Yet they ought to know – and, when he takes a breather to think, Mr Callaghan almost certainly does know – that the party cannot exist without a firm rooting in the principles of social justice and social welfare. Whatever the prescriptions of the hour, urged by professional administrators or pundits of economic science, the jettisoning of these principles leads to disillusion and, in the not so long term, to political disaster. This is a lesson regularly acknowledged by Labour leaders in the aftermath of defeat; to take the most recent example, the confessions of error and the promises to return to the paths of righteousness after the defeat of 1970 were many, loud and generally sincere. Is it still possible that the Callaghan Government will create a precedent by remembering the lesson before the final disaster?

Spotlight on Politics

James Fenton

The Sand Is Running Out

If it was possible on Monday evening to feel rather chuffed about the Labour Government, after Jim Callaghan's surprise announcement of the appointment of David Owen as Foreign Secretary, the good mood was soon dispelled the next day. It was tears before bedtime. Margaret Bain rushed out of the chamber weeping; suave, dinner-jacketed Tories congratulated themselves on several shrewdly placed bets; the prophets of doom began to prophesy; the recriminations got under way.

It wasn't fair, said loyal pro-devolution Labour men – several of those who had voted against the Government, or abstained, had given no previous indication that this is what they would do. As for the loyal anti-devolution Labour men, they counselled caution and good sense. As long as the Government did not lose its head, it would be all right. It was the one major piece of legislation that Labour *could* lose: Wales didn't want it, England was indifferent, only Scotland . . . The SNP looked both angry and excited. The mad gleam returned to their eyes as they tried to disguise with indignation something that looked rather like triumph. What they wanted now was a general election. They would sweep through Scotland with an avenging sword.

Was it a coincidence that the Labour revolt followed so soon after the announcement of the reshuffle? No doubt. The arguments had been going on for weeks beforehand. The mysterious arithmetic of the vote had been pondered upon, discussed, weighed up. Nobody could be quite sure what the size of the revolt would be, but it was certain to take place. It had been, perhaps, possible that the death of Anthony Crosland would make some of the waverers rally to the flag. But then there was also that phrase, attributed to Michael Foot, about the vote 'concentrating the mind wonderfully'. That wonderful concentration, it appears, has knocked the Government for six.

It has to be said, however, that the popularity of the new Foreign Secretary is of that dangerous kind: the man is more popular with his enemies than with his friends. If the Foreign Office say 'super' when the announcement is made, if *The Times* points out with delight how very much like Herr Schmidt's Government the Callaghan team has become (more sensible, less socialist), and if the rest of the Tory press is pleased, you may be sure that in the Labour Party there are going to be some injured feelings and suspicious looks. As the surprise, indeed instinctive pleasure, of the initial reactions dies down, a sense of injured merit takes its place. People say – hey, wait a minute, not so fast, young man. What about the great movement we all know and love?

Owen's star quality has been observed long since. When Denis Healey told one journalist in 1970 that the man was a future leader of the Labour Party, he meant what he said. And when Owen supported Jenkins in the leadership campaign last year, he did so only because he despaired of Healey's ability to make up for his bad false start. Owen is much more Healey's man than he ever was Jenkins's. He worked for Healey in the Ministry of Defence, which was where he first made his mark. Is it not, at least, possible that it was Healey who got him his plum job?

The most interesting feature of the reshuffle is of course the selfless behaviour of the Chancellor – Saint Denis. As one of his colleagues muttered darkly, what's he getting out of it? There's only one reward to put in his way now, and it may well be that the premiership will soon be on offer. A rushed election, catastrophe (or even, at a pinch, victory), smiling Jim retires gracefully, the Age of the Eyebrows begins. Such thoughts as these do not cheer Labour souls.

Another source of resentment is the relation between the NEC and the Government. Last week there was talk of a *rapprochement*, although the *rapprochement* looked as if it was going to be a very one-sided affair. The NEC was going to have to start behaving itself. And it was noted at the time that one of the more responsible and statesmanlike speeches was made by Judith Hart. This week that speech was being referred to as a job application.

The circumstances of Hart's return to the fold could not have been less fortunate. She had been expected to make the main speech in the Agee-Hosenball debate (the one that failed to take place on Tuesday night), and had been working informally with a group of MPs on the tactics of the business. It was very much *her* issue – it was she who, after the original announcement, propped herself up with a stick to take the weight off her broken leg, faced the packed House and made the unpopular

points. Now, without a word, she had to drop the issue, and would have to vote for the expulsion of the two. What had caused this decision?

The reply she gave is hardly the most convincing: she had begun the campaign with a handful of people, now there were plenty of others who could take over where she left off. This might stand up as a reason if the campaign had been of a fairly neutral kind – if she was saying goodbye to her colleagues on the White Fish Authority. It might also hold water if the job she had been offered represented a real concession by Callaghan to the Left. But what angered people about her acceptance of Overseas Development was the modesty of her price. What had changed, in her time as a back-bencher, that made it possible for her to rejoin the Government? Overseas Development was less important than before.

Poor old Judith. She did look a little cheesed off on Tuesday night. She had just been going through Frank Judd's engagement book and had found that it contained only one important fixture. This was a meeting on medical aid for Vietnam, in which the delegation was to be headed by – Judith Hart.

The Hart catch-phrase of the moment is: 'Now is the time for building bridges.' By which it is meant that the NEC, the Left and the Government are going to have to get on better together. But it is unclear just how the Left is supposed to build these bridges. One imagines them like those notorious box-girder constructions which kept falling down – great unsupported slabs of concrete stretching out over the abyss. The Healey image used at the same meeting had the Government and the NEC standing on either side of a canyon, and the NEC calling for both sides to get together on the middle ground. A very dangerous affair.

If the resentment of the Left runs deep, the feelings of the anti-devolutionists have proved even more intractable. I'm afraid I was rather satirical about Harry Cowan at the time of the Newcastle by-election when he said that he would judge each and every issue on its merits. The expression did not seem to indicate very strong feelings on any particular cause. Yet there he was on Tuesday night, voting with the Tories. And there too was Joe Dean. Such people are not wild wreckers. They are not born martyrs or unscrupulous seekers of publicity. They are the essence of respectability, and their opposition to the Government is a measure of the crisis which now faces Labour.

'They will crumble from power, crumble!' said Mrs Thatcher, with relish, recently. Her eyes narrowed as she drove the words home. If there is now a certain spring in the Tory stride, if the circus animals have begun to desert, if the Liberals are not playing ball, if the Welsh Nats are calling for an election, if powerful primitive feelings are stirring in the bosoms of the Scot Nats, if the voice of John Smith sounded pained and shrill as he wound up in the fatal debate, if the Government lost by 29 votes, does it not begin to look as if we're on the last chapter of the book? Buy your candles now.

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K. R. Sundar Rajan

India's Unequal Election

As polling day nears Mrs Gandhi's party stalwarts appear to be getting increasingly irritable and acerbic. Shankar Rao Chavan, the chief minister of Maharashtra state, told a meeting: 'Those who were detained by the Government should really be thankful to our beloved Prime Minister for the consideration shown to them. In any other country, bullets would have been the answer to their perfidy.' Mrs Gandhi herself no longer exudes the lofty confidence that marked her 18 January broadcast in which she surprised the world with her election move and the series of campaign addresses which followed immediately. She now talks of a 'deep plot' to overthrow her party, of the possibility of violence by the opposition, of her opponents' lack of patriotism, of external threats to India's sovereignty. 'If necessary, we will shed our blood but will not permit India to be weakened. Those who are trying to weaken the nation can go to hell!' she thundered. In yet another angry blast at the opposition, she said: 'If the parties against us do not like the kind of democracy we are trying to build in India with such devotion, their members are free to go to those countries they ad-

mire so much, or wherever they will. But let them go away. We do not want them here.'

That the opposition does not intend to take advantage of Mrs Gandhi's offer of voluntary exile is clear from the fact that those who fled the country in the wake of her June 1975 coup are all rushing back. Hundreds of 'wanted' political workers have surfaced from underground to participate in the poll. George Fernandes, the Socialist Party chairman now being tried for conspiracy to overthrow the government by violence, has given up his call for boycotting the election and instead is standing as a candidate for a Bihar constituency. Opposition parties are taking the utmost care to ensure that there is no violence on their part. As Morarji Desai, chairman of the People's Party, a combination of four non-communist parties formed under the inspiration of Jaya Prakash Narayan, told me: 'We will not give the slightest pretext to the Government to postpone or call off the election or reverse the normalisation process at the last moment.' He spoke of the 'constitutional impossibility' of tampering with the electoral process at this

stage, showing that despite all that has happened the opposition is still optimistic about democratic revival.

Why is the Congress Party so rattled? As far as one can see, there is little possibility at this moment of it losing power, unless of course its fortunes take a disastrous plunge in the three weeks before polling begins on 16 March. The worst that is likely to happen is that no party may get an absolute majority, that Congress may emerge only as the biggest single group, and that it may be compelled to share power with the Moscow Communists, Sanjay Gandhi's *bête noire*. But this was not the expectation of Congress bosses when they decided on a poll a year ahead of the revised schedule. After 19 months of imposed discipline and contrived adulation they were confident that Congress would be in a position to launch its election campaign with a marked psychological advantage. The Prime Minister's political advisers erred seriously in thinking that a united party of non-communist groups would remain a paper tiger.

The huge crowds which have thronged opposition rallies addressed by Narayan, Desai, and others have been unnerving. And though what is described in the pro-government press as the 'defection' of Jagjivan Ram, one of the founding fathers of independence, has not produced the feared reaction in terms of more immediate 'betrayals', his decision may cost Congress about half of the 139 parliamentary seats which the populous Uttar Pradesh



and Bihar states alone account for in the new house of 542. According to one widely believed New Delhi report, Research and Analysis Wing (RAW), the Government's political intelligence apparatus, which has become all-pervading in the last 20 months, dismally failed to anticipate any of these crucial developments. This, however, is not altogether surprising because, as one intelligence officer told me in another context: 'We do not tell all the unpleasant things to our ministers as it may lead to transfers.' No authoritarian regime relishes truth, especially from underlings.

People's Party sources are confident of dislodging Mrs Gandhi with assistance from Ram's Congress for Democracy. One of its leaders predicts that Congress will be 'routed' because of the straight contests in many constituencies. His expectation is that the national non-communist opposition will bag between 250 and 325 seats, making it possible for it to form the government with the help of regional parties like those of the Tamils and Sikhs as well as the Marxist Communists. The PP manifesto is a telling indictment of Congress misdeeds and exposes the hollowness of many of the claims made for the 'era of discipline' – though unfortunately Indian voters do not read election manifestos.

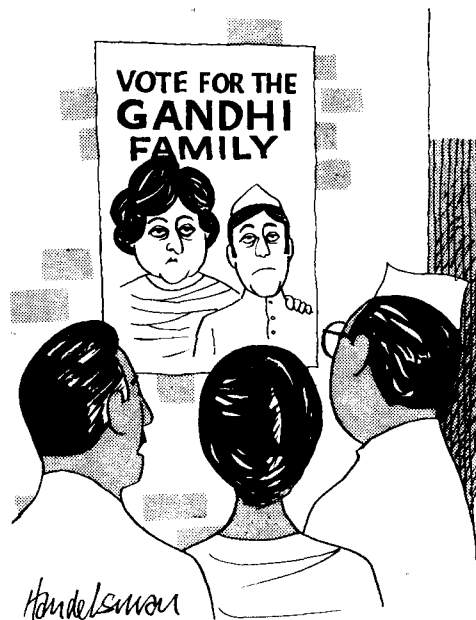
Continued Surveillance

Despite the massive campaign launched by the Government-owned radio and television (and the still largely conformist press) to sell the emergency to the voters, the June 1975 assault on democratic institutions is going to cost Congress millions of votes. But the extent of the loss on this account in rural areas can be easily exaggerated, Ram's following among Harijans notwithstanding. As I found during a long tour of western India, even illiterate villagers are conscious of the loss of their liberties – or, rather, of the emergence of a new class of rural political hoodlums. But the problem before Mrs Gandhi's opponents is how to approach the rural electorate effectively. The *mantra* of the Government's so-called 20-point programme for the welfare of the poor cannot be easily dispelled when it pours round the clock from tens of millions of transistor radio receivers. Congress is distributing battery cells for these receivers free of charge in many villages. 'For the present,' said a farmer in Sangli district, 'battery cells have replaced condoms in Congress's socialistic armoury.'

No one seriously believes that the election is going to be free or fair after all that has happened during 20 months of lying propaganda, mass arrests, police and Youth Congress terror, and the enticement of the intelligentsia with every conceivable kind of bribe. Even if the emergency is withdrawn, the elections cannot be honest for the simple reason that the outgoing Parliament passed a whole series of laws to strengthen the hold of the ruling party over all branches of the administration and to penalise dissent with retrospective effect. It is a mistake to imagine that, with the announcement of elections, fear has vanished. Finding quite a large number of people sitting some 50 yards away from the main crowd at a People's Party rally at Borivli, a Bom-

bay suburb, I asked a man for the reason. Hesitant at first, he later explained that he did not wish to get mixed up with an opposition crowd. 'But the emergency has been relaxed,' I prodded. 'Maybe,' he replied. 'But how long do you think it will take the Government to tighten the screws? One has to be careful. These are evil days.'

Police surveillance of opposition politicians and critics of the Government continues, though not as blatantly as before. I recognised a man sitting on a broken wall opposite my house as the same person who used to shadow me before my arrest. When Mrs Mrinal Gore, the dynamic Socialist leader who is fighting the election in a north Bombay constituency, was trailed by a plainclothesman during her campaigning, he was asked by a PP volunteer if he was still up to his old tricks. 'Why not?' replied the policeman. 'We have to be gainfully employed somehow.' A post office source tells me that interception of mail has not been discontinued. A PP leader estimated



'Now and then you see a really good argument for compulsory sterilisation.'

that out of 2,000 propaganda leaflets mailed only less than half appeared to have reached their destination. Ram and Narayan have complained that they are still being surrounded by police agents and informers. When I mentioned this to a journalist known for his pro-government sympathies, he said: 'I think the opposition is being grossly unfair. Do you know that key Congress members are also being shadowed?' Apparently, the idea is to probe, and, if possible, prevent, Ram-type apostasy.

Rigging of ballot boxes on a large scale can be ruled out. As Narayan has pointed out, government servants in charge of the election are in no mood to oblige the Congress Party. K. Santhanam, a former cabinet minister and author of a monumental (and unfruitful) government-sponsored report on the extent of corruption in India, told me that rigging is not possible except in isolated areas because of the vastness of the electorate and the 'complexity' of the operation. But, next to the denial of radio and TV facilities and the decision of major newspapers like the *Times of India* and the *Hindu* to toady to the ruling party, the

opposition's biggest handicap is shortage of money. Mohan Dharia, the minister whom Mrs Gandhi sacked for calling for talks with Narayan and later jailed for over a year, says that the People's Party does not have funds even to print leaflets, not to speak of hiring jeeps. He expects most of the campaigning to be done on foot or bicycles. Said a PP campaigner: 'Our hands will be clean as we do not have the money to bribe voters.'

Underworld Patronage

In a way, the Congress Party's fund-raising campaign began 20 months ago. During this period party bosses all over the country managed to extort a colossal amount of money from the rich and poor alike. In the words of the People's Party manifesto: 'Smugglers, blackmarketeers, tax dodgers and foreign exchange racketeers were permitted to buy immunity through contributions to the coffers of the ruling party.' I got personal confirmation of this during my sojourn in Bombay Central Prison where some of India's top smugglers are being held. One of them, personally an extremely likeable and polished man, said Congress has had the patronage of the underworld for more than a decade. He hastened to confess that in the past some select opposition politicians had also received sizeable campaign contributions from his fraternity, 'though we naturally make bigger investments in Congress goodwill because it always manages to win elections'.

How will Mrs Gandhi behave if she loses the election? Will Congress function as a responsible opposition observing the rules it has made for others? And if Congress wins, will there be retribution? These are questions no one can confidently answer after all that has happened since the promulgation of the emergency. Narayan thinks that the nation will not tolerate another dose of authoritarianism. But many would sharply disagree, recalling the almost total surrender of the intelligentsia to strong-arm rule and the wave of sycophancy which swept the country. It may be difficult for Mrs Gandhi to repeat the performance in the same manner but then the sad truth is that the average Indian's tolerance for high-handedness is seemingly limitless.

How will the opposition behave if it comes to power through the ballot box? Will Desai be a more democratic prime minister than Mrs Gandhi? Will the parties comprising the People's Party stick together? These again are questions which the future alone can answer. Desai's recent press conference in Bombay suggested that the prolonged solitary confinement has mellowed him a lot. That he bears no grudge against Mrs Gandhi is admirable. But as chief minister of Bombay state and as one of Nehru's principal ministers, Desai exhibited unpardonable intolerance on many occasions. Ironically, he was one of the stoutest defenders of state monopoly over radio and his solicitude for press freedom was not marked.

The Socialists and the Jana Sangh, the main components of the People's Party, may have to make a number of compromises to sail along smoothly. But the united non-communist opposition is no more an

opportunistic grouping of strange bedfellows than the Congress Party which covers the full spectrum from religious bigots to flaming Communists. Narayan's hope is that while the Socialists will become practical, the Jana Sangh will gradually shed its Hindu bias.

At the moment, the real challenge before India's opposition parties is not the wresting of administrative power but rather to act as a check on the Congress Party's authoritarianism and the dynastic ambitions of Mrs Gandhi's family. A sharp reduction in Congress's majority in the new Parliament will make it rather more difficult for Mrs Gandhi and her son Sanjay to jettison democratic institutions and values and once

again hold a whole nation of 620 million people to ransom. In a way, the opposition should be thankful to young Gandhi. His relentless and ruthless crusade for personal glory, aided and abetted by a coterie of sycophantic politicians, journalists, business tycoons, and government officials, will cost Congress more votes than any other single factor. 'A vote for Congress is a vote for Sanjay Gandhi. And a vote for Sanjay Gandhi is a vote for another emergency,' says a Bombay wall slogan. A suburban housewife said: 'I don't like Morarji Desai. But I dislike Sanjay Gandhi more. In any case, the old man did not rig up the emergency.'

Bombay

Security and the State—1

James Michael

No Right to Know

Three men were this week in jail, one (still there) charged with unauthorised disclosure of government information, the other two (now on bail) with receiving his unauthorised disclosure. We do not know whether publication of that information would cause exceptionally grave damage to the nation, or just annoyance to some government official. In law, it does not matter.

The law is section 2 of the Official Secrets Act, which makes it a crime for any Crown servant to disclose any information learnt in the course of duty. It is also a crime to receive such information, even if nothing is done with it. As the Franks Committee said in 1972, 'a blanket is thrown over everything; nothing escapes'. The catch-all quality of the Act leads to threats of prosecution for unauthorised disclosures of trivial information, such as a social security clerk's disclosure of his pay, and also of more serious information with no connection to national security, as when the police warned the *Sunday Times* editor in 1972 that publishing government plans to cut passenger rail service was a violation.

The conventional wisdom is that the scope of the Act is not important so long as the Attorney-General must authorise prosecutions. The wisdom of a good man is presumed to be adequate safeguard against abuse. The judgment of the incumbent good man is being exercised this week. In making his decision about the two men charged with receipt of unauthorised disclosures, perhaps Mr Silkin will look at *Hansard* for last 22 November, when the Home Secretary outlined the Government's plans for replacing section 2 of the Act. Mr Rees said: 'The Government, like the Franks Committee [on which he had served], accept that mere receipt of official information should no longer be an offence.'

Of course the Home Secretary was describing what the law is to be in future, not what it now is. But one reason he made the statement over a year before the Bill is to be introduced was to give the Attorney-

General some rather public advice. In view of Home Office statements this week, it should be quoted at length:

It was important that the statement should be made so that the Government's intentions might be taken into account. Although the operation of the Act is a matter for my right hon. and learned Friend the Attorney-General, it will no doubt be open to the Attorney-General to take into account the Government's intention to introduce legislation on the lines I have indicated in considering whether to bring proceedings under Section 2. For that reason alone, it was vital that a statement be made.

Short of changing the Act, it is indeed the Attorney-General's responsibility to decide. But it is also part of his job to consider the views of other ministers in taking such a decision, as well as being accountable to Parliament for it.

But what of the ex-soldier charged with unauthorised disclosure of information which he had learnt seven years before? What if it really is prejudicial to the safety or interests of the state, or indirectly useful to a potential enemy? Is there, or should there be, a law against that? There is just that, in just those words, in section 1 of the Official Secrets Act. That section focuses on the real issue of national security, rather than on the bureaucratic nicety of whether disclosure was authorised. And that is the issue which the Attorney-General, and perhaps ultimately the courts, should decide.

It should not, however, be assumed that the Franks proposals, with the Government's slight variations, would do anything significant to reform the pervasive secrecy of British government. Removing mere receipt of official information from the list of crimes would be an improvement. The other recommendations would almost certainly make things worse.

The Franks Official Information Act would penalise disclosure of certain kinds of information without authority, in place of the present sweeping ban. Under the

government modifications, it would be a crime to disclose information related to security and intelligence, 'confidences of the citizen,' law and order information, or if disclosure was for gain. This would apply even if the information had not been formally classified. Penalties would also apply for disclosure of information classified as 'Defence and International-Confidential' or higher – a much broader category than Franks recommended.

It sounds reasonable, but there are at least three flaws. First, the accused would not even be allowed to argue in defence that the disclosure had actually been in the public interest. Also, the minister would have absolute control over classification. If he said that information had been properly classified, the only questions at the trial would be whether disclosure had been authorised or not, and the sentence.

Second, although 'confidences of the citizen' sounds like a laudable effort to protect personal privacy, it would not at all be limited to such matters. It would include information supplied by companies to the government 'in confidence.' To take just one recent example, that would include the plan to build a huge oil refinery on Canvey Island which was disclosed to the Department of Energy.

Most important, the proposals would do nothing at all to establish a legal right to know anything about how the country is governed. They would do nothing to 'put the burden on the public authorities to justify withholding information', as Labour promised in the October 1974 manifesto.

That came from a Labour discussion paper which proposed a Freedom of Information Act like the laws in Sweden and the United States. The statutes of both countries rest on two principles. First, there is a legal public right to know government information, and secrecy must be justified under specific statutory exceptions. Second, an independent arbiter decides whether the law justifies secrecy in particular cases.

Several backbench MPs are now attempting to hold the Government to its promise. Last week Tom Litterick introduced a Freedom of Information and Privacy Bill, and an amendment to the Devolution Bill had been put down aimed at bringing open government at least to Wales and Scotland.

Whatever the final charges in the present case, at least it may serve to focus public and Parliamentary attention on what the law about government secrecy and the public's right to know should be. A select committee of backbenchers would be far more suited to consider the question than ministers such as the present Home Secretary. When asked what would happen to a civil servant who disclosed information if criminal penalties were not applied, he said: 'The matter should be treated as it would be treated if a person was working for private industry and he broke the rules of the industry for which he worked.'

The government of Britain is still assumed to be private business. So long as that is so, open government will be in Mr Callaghan's words, a matter of more Green Papers on the one hand, and a 'more effective' Official Information Act on the other, even after the blunderbuss section 2 has had its last blast.

Security and the State-2

Corinna Adam

Orders for Exclusion

A person subject to an exclusion order has no right

- (1) to know the evidence on which the exclusion order was made;
- (2) to have a public or formal hearing of the representations;
- (3) to know on what basis the representations were successful or unsuccessful . . .

This has nothing to do, directly, with the Agee/Hosenball case. They are foreigners. During all the arguments about their deportation, that has been the continual underlying thread: that because they are American, the Home Secretary has a right to expel them without giving his reasons.

But 'exclusion' orders (by last November, 83 had been served) – about which there is considerably less general knowledge – are equally if not more alarming. They were invented, literally, by the Prevention of Terrorism Act of 1974 and polished by its 1976 successor. A report (quoted above) by the National Council For Civil Liberties, to be published next week, discusses the Acts in detail: this week, perhaps, it is the way in which exclusion orders are implemented which has the most immediate and alarming significance.

You cannot *deport* a citizen of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Northern Ireland (the long-winded terminology is legally important.) There are no Devil's Islands to which he can be sent, no Siberia to which he can be exiled if he is thought to be potentially dangerous, although there is not enough evidence to convict him in a court – even under the notoriously complex and infinitely complex and malleable conspiracy laws. But the Prevention of Terrorism Act gives the Home Secretary virtually unlimited discretion just to move people he (or, more to the point, his advisers) distrust about the kingdom, or keep them in a particular place. It works, literally, both ways:

If a person is a United Kingdom citizen he cannot be excluded from the United Kingdom completely . . . (but) he can be restricted to living either in Northern Ireland or in Great Britain.

He can be excluded from Great Britain to Northern Ireland unless

- (1) he has ordinarily been resident in Great Britain for the past 20 years (not including time spent in prison in the United Kingdom, Channel Isles or Isle of Man); or
- (2) he was born in Great Britain and has been ordinarily resident there all his life or
- (3) he has already been excluded from Northern Ireland.

Complicated. Even more so because the mirror image of such orders exists for residents of Northern Ireland, whom it might be thought desirable to 'exclude' to Great Britain. Again, if you've been 'ordinarily

resident' there for 20 years, you cannot be thrown out. And if you've already been 'excluded' from Great Britain, you obviously can't be sent back there. And if you are coming into Great Britain or Northern Ireland, or leaving, you can be detained by any 'examining officer' for up to seven days while the authorities decide where you could do least harm.

It is hard to tell just what good the exclusion orders are supposed to do, other than acting as a public relations exercise *pour encourager les autres*, given the ease with which a determined terrorist can cross from Ireland to Great Britain. (It's known in the jargon as 'walking on the water'.) But it is easy to tell what damage it can do to someone who has no subversive intentions of any kind, whose only connection with terrorism, as the report remarks, may be that they live in known Republican areas. Take one case in which the SDLP MP Gerry Fitt has taken a particular interest, a merchant seaman from West Belfast whom we will call Riley.

Riley has never had any other job than that of merchant seaman, which he enjoys: he joined the navy to see the world. This time last year, he joined a ship at Felixstowe. A few hours later, the police arrived on board. As Mr Fitt puts it: 'They obviously knew whom they were after, because they called his name and then took him to Felixstowe police station.' There, he was questioned for about an hour about what ships he had been on, what countries he had visited, and so forth. The next day, he

was questioned again: the pussyfooting stopped, and he was asked directly whether he had ever belonged to a terrorist organisation, or whether he knew anyone who was involved. He said – predictably, and carefully when one considers life in West Belfast – that 'he had never been involved and did not want to be'.

Five days later the young man – for whom Gerry Fitt is prepared to vouch personally – was served with an exclusion order. So much for his chances of seeing the world: he cannot now go back to sea. He can never sail out of ports in Britain. 'If,' said Mr Fitt, 'he is lucky enough to join a ship sailing for Belfast, there is no guarantee that it will not call at a port in Great Britain . . . Will the shipping company or the master be regarded as having brought back into Great Britain someone subject to an exclusion order?' (Because any 'help' to a person 'who is known, or ought to be known, to be the subject of an exclusion order, to enter the country against the order' is punishable too: in a crown court, you could get an unlimited fine and/or five years' imprisonment.)

Quite apart from the major – and largely unremarked – secrecy factor in exclusion orders, there is the amazing clumsiness with which they are applied. After all this time, it seems that the police have no idea that there is any difference between Official and Provisional IRA policies – though, to be fair, the Prevention of Terrorism Act does not differentiate between them. Clann na h'Eireann, the Official republican movement in Britain, has consistently condemned the bombing campaign. This does not prevent its members from being 'excluded'. One man from Bristol, Brendan Phelan, was sent back to Dublin a year ago and has found it very difficult to get any work there; for the first two and a half months he could not even claim unemployment benefit, since the Special Branch had confiscated his insurance card.

None of this is as obviously horrifying as, for example, this week's NCCL report (in conjunction with Amnesty and the Howard League) on how six named Irish prisoners reacted to conditions in Albany jail, and how their treatment led to last September's riot, and how their relatives described what they learned. Beatings, black eyes, broken arms and legs; sudden forgetfulness about supplying wounded prisoners with bread and water for a couple of days: even if only a quarter of it were true, it would be intolerable. It is particularly timely, since during the past few weeks reports of the ill-treatment of Irish prisoners in English jails have been growing. There have been rumours for some considerable time, but they have been – shamefully – dismissed as 'propaganda', or with a mental shrug 'So what? They probably deserved it.' But now even English prisoners, who regard their co-detainees as unmitigated bastards, are writing out to say how shocked they are by the way the Irish are treated. If it is stopped, if guilty prison officers are punished, so much the better. The anniversary of the Prevention of Terrorism Act, however, is a reminder that the law can as easily be used to hound as to protect. There is more than one way of treating a second-class citizen.



BOC- the reality is very different

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We know we could do better. We know we make mistakes. We know it is not easy to bring together the interlocking interests of our customers, our employees and our capital providers. But as 40,000 free and individual men and women we try. And as free people, encouraged by a free society, we shall go on trying – unless our critics win.

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Naomi Mitchison

Return to Shetland

What do you make of Shetland: wool, oil? Or do you have this idea which a few anti-devolution experts (and which of us is not an expert these days?) like to spread, that when it comes to rule, Shetland is anti-Scottish and therefore pro-English? That's just not so. But have a look at the situation. See it at Uphellyaa, the day when Shetland is most itself.

I wanted to see how things were after 20 years, especially what difference oil development had made, so here I was in Lerwick, the capital. It has a population of some 7,000 (the size, that is, of one of the smaller Hellenic City-States – but as big as Athens if you count the landward Shetland) and is exactly like an Italian hill town, except that it is totally different. Walking the steep paved lanes, strange-named, overhung by houses, I catch myself expecting bright colours, vine pergolas, carved stone. But no. A few sycamores and bour-bushes, fantastically wind-twisted, just manage to keep their toes in; the stone is stark, uncarved, only an occasional brave door or window frame breaks the seaward-facing grey. Life focuses on the harbour front, hundreds of big, dirty fishing boats, local, east-coasters, Norwegians, or perhaps from any fishing country, when there is a bad patch of weather and they need to shelter. But as the Tuesday of Uphellyaa draws near, the whole stirs, comes happily alive.

For this is an assertion of identity, not only for Lerwick, but for the whole of Shetland – and the population is certainly going up. Families come in to stay with friends and relations or in the packed hotels, over distances that are not long as the crow flies. But when any road has to wriggle round intrusive arms of the sea, when signposts constantly say Ferry, it's not crows but sea-gulls, and distances stretch themselves. There are a few local Uphellyaas, later, but the great one is at Lerwick, where they have been building the big galley and the school galley as well, over the whole winter which is now slowly turning towards Spring. For this is also a fire festival, debased and forgotten, but brought to life again in the late 19th century, as a deliberate attempt to give something special back to depressed Shetland. It has elements of the old Yule, which had nothing to do with Christmas or even New Year, since it originally started well into January when the year's change had become clear, and lasted a fortnight or so. The burning of the galley is a hark-back to Viking funerals.

This mixed up Uphellyaa keeps some of its Victorian rebirth. The special songs have a touch of Hymns A and M. But it is still developing, though always the special things are the galley, the torch light procession of guizers and the enormous proclamation full of local jokes and puns, much appreciated by all who stood around this year in mild but unnoticed drizzle, reading and laughing. The rain was fully on when the

galley was pulled down to the quay by the Guizer Jarl's squad, with the Jarl himself standing erect in it, axe in hand, and, as the custom is today, with a family crew of small children who will remember this all their lives. There was much photographing of the Jarl and his squad, such a crowd of cheerfully embarrassed warriors, some of whom had been growing appropriate beards for the last few months. It is a great honour to be the Guizer Jarl of Shetland. You must have worked hard for several years on the Uphellyaa committee, knowing all the rules, sometimes intricate as those in the law-books of the Althing. The committee members are chosen from people who, it is thought, have the makings of a Jarl.

This is important and extraordinary. You might suppose that an annual dressing-up game by a fairly large proportion of the island's male inhabitants, with absolutely no commercial content, was something which couldn't possibly matter in the modern world. You would be wrong. It does matter. It is directly comparable with certain African revivals, such as tribal initiation rites; these too are an assertion of identity, linking past and future in the family and the community; they are politics on the deepest level. So the choice of the man who is to be leader is a grave one, however much the whole end-picture is apparently fun and games and, incidentally, an overall and controlled beauty.

It is a one year leadership. Next year the present Guizer Jarl, a teacher in one of the northern islands, will be chief organiser, later on one of the marshalls. But it will be forever in his life. Seldom in our patterns of human aggression do we find something which is *for* without being *against*. There is plenty of healthy criticism in individual squads, of the Islands Council,

of the oil companies, of Ian Smith, of the Scots. But I never found the least sign of anti-Scottish feeling in Shetland, though the pro-Shetland feeling is as solid as rock.

Wandering round Lerwick on Uphellyaa afternoon among the mounting pleasurable excitement, I found the office receptionist or bank clerk bound to speak of the coming evening, to draw in the welcomed stranger. Every now and then I met up with a hurrying Viking or teddy bear or half dressed snail or footballer or padded gogo girl – this is an entirely male affair with inevitable masculine jokes not to be taken too seriously. The wives and mothers of the guizers have been busy, making up the costumes.

It is quite remarkably a family occasion. The junior Jarl, also chosen by his mates as a suitable leader, has his squad, and there are half a dozen other junior squads. By evening the rest of the families are crowding along the route of the procession. But would the oil have made a difference, made Uphellyaa less important? No. Just as 20 years ago, when I was here before, the remarkable thing is the complete absence of police. All law and order is in the hands of the Guizer Jarl. His only sanction can be public and immediate disapproval of the wrong-doer, or, if appropriate, to forbid him for ever from taking part as a guizer. There are no bag snatchers, no mugging. People have been drinking – yes. There is a quite perceptible smell of whisky and peat smoke in the air of Lerwick. But this has only induced further friendliness and gaiety.

The galley, attended by torchbearers, is pulled along to its appointed place: a beautifully built craft, only the dragon prow a bit unconvincing, not alarming as are the remains of the ancient longships in Oslo or Denmark even today. The Guizer squads march in, greeted by friends and relations, their torches ready but still unlighted. Expectancy grows. The raven-wing helmeted marshalls are on the watch, members of older Guizer Jarl's squads in their gear; every man keeps his own until, perhaps, he hands it on to a younger Viking.

All is ready, has been planned. Suddenly the marshalls' torches flare up and the squads rush to light theirs. In the thick smoke one sees a marshall checking that a torch is being held well away from some inflammable headgear. Marching and countermarching go on beautifully, leading to the great moment in the playing field square when the galley is pulled into place and the Jarl's squad begins to circle it, while the other squads come in and circle in the contrary direction. When all, more than 800 men, are into this fire dance, the signal comes and the lighted torches are flung in great arcs into the galley. For a moment the Guizer Jarl, standing, is outlined in flames. Then he leaps down. This throwing in of the torches has been taught to the newcomers among the guizers; ranks are opened so that those who have thrown can fall back. The singing goes on. The beautiful galley sends up a vast, whirling tower of sparks. The dragon figurehead is briefly maned with flame, breathes fire, becomes real, collapses.

Nobody has ever been hurt; the discipline of Uphellyaa sees to that. And now the crowd moves, for the next part of the evening is in the halls, some in schools or



hotels, but more in Lerwick than would usually be found in a small town. Here the guizers come to do their acts and dance with their audience. At once I see a difference. Twenty years ago, the women sitting around and mostly wearing skirts and woolies or thick dresses, had brought their knitting, a very serious part of life not to be neglected while the men cavorted around. There was little dancing between the visits of squads. Now there is none of that, but plenty of evening or semi-evening dresses, as befits a much more prosperous society, some of the money coming from oil by-lines. Bus-loads of girls go in every day from Lerwick to do 'women's work' of various kinds at the Sullom Voe oil complex, getting oil industry wages. This has meant that the knitwear industry has been hit and all prices are up.

So there is spending money at the halls and a good deal of drinking, but done with family decorum, for there are lots of children around, all happily well-mannered. Catering is all in the hands of wives and daughters who ply us with tea and sandwiches and cakes, all running as smoothly as the squads themselves and paid for by the tickets of entrance, or, should we say, by donations from those who ask for tickets. In this hall there is a superb woman accordionist who plays for the dancing which, Shetland style, is much faster and more violent than ours in the Highlands, so that even a *douce* St Bernard's Waltz becomes quite something. There are fiddles too; for fiddling has come back in a big way among the young people of Shetland in another type of identity assertion. The squads are cheered and clapped, most of all when there is a good act like St George's dragon – but this St George is definitely a Viking! A set of splendid birds comes in demanding that their area should not be desecrated by oil use; the skeklers wear oat-straw gear and towering head-dresses; their dance, with its own fiddle tune, must have come down from far back harvests.

Most squads wear ingenious masks; when these are stripped off in the ordinary dancing it is surprising what faces came out from behind them, young and old, often sensitive and handsome. But, although the girls are often pretty, good dancers, almost always with agreeable expressions, yet there was no one outstanding beauty of the kind that happens so often in the West Highlands – but does not necessarily go with a pleasant nature. Did that lack matter? It didn't seem to. But there was no teenage, disco dancing here; all was in an earlier, jollier tradition.

When I was there last, we had an aurora borealis laid on during the procession. Unhappily it was not there this year. There was also the moment when the Guizer Jarl's squad came in, we all stood up, they parked their spears and danced with us. This time it seemed that our hall was fairly late on the round and they could not be with us till after three in the morning. So, around two and aware not only of the Bressay ferry in a few hours but also of the imminent approach of my 80th birthday, I felt I'd better get a few hours' sleep. But everyone else stayed on, getting deeper and deeper into Uphellyaa and more and more glad, I believe, to be Shetlanders.



Two years ago this month, Mrs. Margaret Thatcher became potentially Britain's first woman Prime Minister – by being elected leader of the Conservative party.

Edward Heath, the party's first elected leader, had been deposed by the same democratic process. It was a painful experience all round and details of the internal battle that led to his eclipse have never been fully disclosed.

Now, for the first time, the Sunday Telegraph publishes the step-by-step story.

It is written by Sir Nigel Fisher, a member of the inner circle who make up the Executive of the 1922 Committee of Conservative M.Ps.

Sir Nigel was present at the critical meetings, and in touch with the party at all levels. He tells of the private consultations, leaks, misunderstandings; of how "Ted Heath's cause was badly mishandled." He also writes of what he bluntly calls "dirty tricks."

His account is not to be missed.

This 3-part series begins February 27th in the

Sunday Telegraph

14p - with weekly Colour Magazine.

Peter Walker*

Bullock and the Right

It is remarkable that in the debate on industrial democracy there has been little discussion either within the Bullock Report or in the country as to the need to improve democracy within the trade unions. Bullock provides a substantial extension of power to the trade unions without examining the degree to which the trade unions are democratic themselves. It is surely disturbing that some of the leading figures in the trade union movement have been elected to their positions of power on the votes of less than 5 per cent of the total membership of their union. It must be equally disturbing that many unions do not elect their leaders by means of either postal or secret ballots. Many important decisions are taken by unions on a primitive show of hands without even checking that the people at the meeting are necessarily members of the union. If we are to obtain real industrial democracy with the trade unions playing their part they do have the early task of putting their own unions on to a truly democratic basis.

The Conservative Party has recently said that it is in favour of postal ballots if requested by the union leadership, but I do not see many union leaders enjoying their present positions upon votes of a small minority of their members rushing to Mrs Thatcher and asking for funds to finance a new system of voting under which they will probably be defeated.

The debate on industrial democracy has been primarily a debate in which the two sides of industry have continued to take a defensive attitude towards the policies which, if successful, would replace confrontation with collaboration and would create one side in industry instead of two. The unions, for their part, have been suspicious and reluctant to see too much progress in employee participation. For they see that if participation succeeds the traditional role of the trade unions will be transformed. Some of them also see that the overwhelming power given to existing trade unions in free collective bargaining is something which in the short-term provides very substantial wage increases for their members and in the longer term will bring about a change in the very nature of the economic system itself.

The power to demand of industries more than they can pay and the knowledge that if they refuse to pay, strike action will quickly bring that firm to insolvency is considered by some to be the means of bringing about public ownership. During the worst cash flow problems of British Leyland there were no attempts to modify pay demands. The cash flow problems of British Leyland, aggravated by the wage demands and industrial action, resulted in a major

industry going into the public sector. There are, I believe, politically motivated leaders heading major unions who see genuine employee participation as endangering their political objectives and enabling capitalism to become both more popular and acceptable. For the rest, there is a reluctance to change from the system of negotiation in which they are experienced and successful to a system in which they have to play a role of sharing some of the responsibilities of decision-taking with those who provide the capital and management.

It is not surprising that the TUC have looked upon employee participation not as a means of transforming the existing union power to a type of power with wider responsibility but as a method of extending the existing trade union power and giving it yet further advantages in their comprehended role of collective bargaining. Their main objective has been to persuade, first, the majority of the Bullock Committee and now the Labour Government to pursue a policy whereby it is union power that will be extended and not the genuine creation of participation.

Roger Woddis

The Leak's Good Cause

The *Washington Post* has published the names of more foreign leaders it says took money from the CIA.

Please, Mr Carter, think again;
Revive the old scenario,
The subsidies which didn't go
To Willy Brandt or King Hussein.

Your faith is firm, your heart sincere,
But thousands look to C.I.A.aid;
Makarios is underpaid,
Mobutu hungers in Zaire.

Give till it hurts, lest it be said
You acted from self-interest.
The Dalai Lama hath no nest,
Nor where to lay his shaven head.

Kenyatta, down to skin and bone,
Is poorer than you realise;
Forbes Burnham looks with anxious eyes
For something he can call his own.

Favours, once the payroll ends,
Wither and are not returned;
Good-guy headlines can be earned
By helping those who are your friends.

To take the steps that we applaud
Would boost your popularity;
It is no strange disparity
That charity begins abroad.

They do not wish participation for the 12 million union members other than through their existing trade union representatives. They do not want there to be participation other than through the trade unions for the 14 million employees who are not even members of trade unions. Indeed, the TUC's version of industrial democracy – readily endorsed by Bullock – is that small cliques of shop stewards should carve up workers' boardroom seats between them. There will not be much change in industrial attitudes or relationships if this particular route is followed.

On the other side the employers and the Conservative Party have tended to look upon employee participation as being a pretext and excuse for the unions extending their power over management decision-taking still further. Much has been said by both the Conservative Party and employers about the importance of the spirit of participation but there is no desire to take any action to enforce a speedy change in current attitudes. The majority of firms possess a jealous belief that the power of management should not be in any way shared with those who are managed. It is very difficult to change the views of the managing director who has perhaps spent 35 years of his life reaching a position of power and authority within his firm and persuade him to study ways in which he can share that power and authority with others. There is, therefore, an in-built reluctance to make much progress and yet while the 'two sides of industry' concept dominates British industrial thinking the damage done by it will remain and that damage will certainly prevent our economic revival.

Other countries will be making swift progress. The European Community's views in their discussion paper on employee participation differ profoundly from those of the British TUC. The European paper considered it essential that all employees should have a vote in the creation of any form of supervisory board. It was also considered that the ultimate authority, perhaps by the casting vote, should be with the owners. It was also decided that a free and secret ballot must take place in all cases and the workers must accept full corporate responsibility when they receive the powers concerned. The TUC is opposed to all employees being represented and wishes to disenfranchise the vast number of employees who are not members of unions. Nor do they accept that any trade union official taking part on a supervisory board should accept the full responsibilities of being a member of that board.

There is a considerable range of ways in which participation can develop and the methods should vary with the nature of the firm. There should be a great deal of experiment. It is for this reason that I would advocate that an incoming Conservative government should introduce legislation which sets out seven or eight of the best tried methods of participation. These would include supervisory boards, membership of the main board, employees having votes with many similar powers to those of shareholders, democratically constituted works councils with stipulated powers of consultation and powers of co-determination, and the creation of trustee councils to which a

*Peter Walker, Conservative MP for Worcester, is a former Secretary of State for Trade and Industry.

number of trustees are appointed from amongst the employees and jointly with trustees appointed by shareholders have a range of responsibilities over which they have powers of vote or co-determination. Another method much neglected by the Labour Party at the present time is the co-operative concept so successfully practised by partnerships like the John Lewis group.

The legislation would state that any firm employing 300 or more employees would in the next three years have to put in one or other of the listed methods, or alternatively reach agreement with its employees on an alternative method of participation more suited to the firm concerned. Such

legislation would result in all employers and employees examining a range of successful practices and discussing alternative practices. It would be three years during which a great deal of experimentation would take place and at the end of which substantial progress would have been made.

The Conservative Party at the moment is reluctant to take any action other than the publication of a 'Code of Practice'. The Labour Party is reluctant to do anything other than at the command of the major trade unions. If both parties persist in these views I see little progress being made in genuine industrial democracy in the years ahead.

Chris Mullin

Rhodesia and the British Press

'NKOMO MEN LAUNCH MASS KIDNAPPING DRIVE TO BUILD UP TERRORIST ARMY'.

That was the headline over a report from Rhodesia in *The Times* of 21 January by a correspondent called Richard Cecil (no relation, one presumes, to the Marquess of Salisbury who has considerable property holdings in Rhodesia). It sums up an increasing tendency in the British press to accept as Gospel truth the version of events put out by the Salisbury regime's sophisticated public relations machinery. Newspaper accounts of events such as the recent 'kidnapping' of 400 African school-children and the massacre of white missionaries show that the reporting of the war in Rhodesia is beginning to assume a pattern remarkably similar to that followed – especially in the years before it became clear that the other side were going to win – in Vietnam.

Correspondents who have spent any time in Saigon will recall that for many of their colleagues reporting of the war consisted of a twice-daily trek down the 300 yards between the terrace of the Continental Palace Hotel and the military briefing centre. Here one was in receipt of a perfectly typed English-language press handout

often describing the military situation in terms that were surreal. The intrepid correspondent then retraced his steps back past the Continental Palace Hotel to the Reuters office from where the handout would be transmitted whole or in part back to London or New York as 'the latest from Saigon'. And that, together perhaps with some snippets of gossip from the diplomatic cocktail circuit disguised as 'informed sources', was a day's war reporting.

As it was in Vietnam, so it is in Rhodesia. Meikles Hotel has now replaced the Continental Palace as the centre of action. Rhodesian whites have now replaced Americans as the authors of neatly typed press handouts, laying on the occasional out-of-town junket. If anything the situation in Rhodesia is worse than that in Vietnam. For a start there are far less correspondents. Few readers of the *Daily Telegraph* will, for example, have realised that the paper's Salisbury stringer – Brian Henry – is the same as the *Daily Mail*'s Peter Norman who is the same person as the *Guardian*'s Henry Miller. And that all these people are in real life a Rhodesian journalist called Ian Mills who, as it happens, is also the BBC correspondent.

There is no suggestion that Mills is anything other than a very competent reporter. It's just that he's so busy keeping all his different outlets supplied that he simply doesn't have time for any inquiring journalism. The most he can do is take whatever handouts are available from all sides and faithfully transmit them to his various outlets together with whatever comment he can garner from his various sources over the telephone.

All this raises serious questions about the ability of the Western media as a whole ever to do justice to the war in Rhodesia or indeed any war where one side is Anglo-Saxon, entrenched in the cities and with access to great resources and all the sophisticated techniques of 20th-century public relations; where the other side consists of people of a different race and culture, operating in the remote countryside and who have neither the means or the inclination to compete in terms of propaganda.

For most of the British press (*Sun*, *Telegraph*, *Mail*, *Express*) the 'authorities' are fighting 'terrorists', not guerrillas. When the Rhodesians claim a casualty ratio of up to twenty-to-one in their favour, no one questions whether such a feat is militarily feasible or whether some of the dead were not innocent civilians who (as in Vietnam) became 'terrorists' after they were killed. Even the clues provided by the Rhodesians' own press handouts with their copious references to dead 'curfew breakers' or 'Africans killed while running with terrorists' go largely unremarked. Similarly, the weekly hangings and the secret trials go virtually unreported.

In August last year the Rhodesians announced that they had raided a 'terrorist' camp 26 miles inside Mozambique and killed around 300 guerrillas for the loss of only a handful of their own men. At first no eyebrows were raised. Hardly anyone thought to suggest the possibility that the figures – even if remotely true – must refer to a massacre rather than a battle. It was not until several days later that a representative of the United Nations High Commission for Refugees (a Uruguayan – so not exactly a revolutionary) declared on the basis of his own eyewitness account that those killed were mainly women and children and even a couple of Spanish priests. The Mozambique Government says that the

NS PROFILES

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dead totalled over 600. It is further revealed that the camp was set up by the United Nations and held only refugees.

Recently 400 African children absconded from a mission school into nearby Botswana. Within hours the small Salisbury press corps was pumping out official statements saying that the children had been 'kidnapped' by 'terrorists'. This was all faithfully amplified into the headlines in London; only occasionally did some sub-editor clothe the word 'kidnapped' in inverted commas. Sure enough, within 48 hours one or two of the more enterprising correspondents (as luck would have it, in Botswana to cover the visit of Ivor Richard) actually got to interview the children and it transpired that – far from being kidnapped – they actually organised the escape themselves; and that, even given the opportunity of second thoughts and in the face of pleas from parents, four-fifths of the children refused to return to Rhodesia.

Major Atrocities

Now we come to the massacres. There are three major atrocities that have been attributed to the guerrillas. The first is the murder of a white bishop, a priest and a nun 90 miles north of Bulawayo last 5 December by a lone African said to be dressed in combat gear. Long before the culprit's arrest was reported, the Rhodesian Ministry of Information had ascribed the killings to 'terrorists' and no Western correspondent seriously questioned this. A little later a man – said to be a member of Mr Nkomo's party – was arrested and charged with the murders. Since there are very few recorded instances of guerrillas long surviving capture by the Rhodesian security forces this fact alone might have been worthy of comment, but what followed was even more remarkable: the man was said to have escaped. There is *no* recorded instance of the Rhodesian security forces ever admitting to letting a man in their custody escape. As if that was not enough, the escape took place in Victoria Falls – just two miles from the border with Zambia – into which this Houdini was said to have fled by swimming the Zambesi River! Anyone who has seen the width and flow of the Zambesi at Victoria Falls – not to mention the little matter of crocodiles – would surely have found one or two questions to ask the authorities. But it was not to be. The official version was reported almost without comment in the British press.

The second major atrocity laid at the door of the guerrillas was the massacre (on 19 December) of 27 African workers on a tea estate near the Mozambique border. Journalists taken to the estate by the authorities were shown the bodies; and survivors were on hand to tell them that the killers had referred to each other as 'comrades'. The tea workers were said to have been killed for disobeying warnings by the guerrillas to stop working on the estate.

Finally there was the massacre on 6 January of seven white Roman Catholic missionaries at a place about 40 miles from Salisbury. No motive for the killing has been established except that one of the killers was heard to shout: 'We want our country back.' Many questions arise from

this incident. The guerrillas have no obvious reason for killing missionaries. On the contrary: the Roman Catholic Church is one of the most progressive forces in the country; it has a large following among the African population and many of its missionaries have been outspoken critics of the Smith regime and generally supporters of the Nationalist cause. It is hard to think of a more effective way of driving a wedge between the Catholic Church and the Nationalist movement. One further point should not go unremarked; the killings occurred just as it was becoming clear beyond doubt that the children who fled to Botswana had not been kidnapped – as the authorities alleged – but had gone of their own free will. (Students of the Vietnam war will recall that the mass graves of Vietcong 'atrocidity victims' in Hue were not unearthed until 18 months after the city had been recaptured – the very time that the My Lai massacre was beginning to make world headlines).

So who was responsible for these atrocities? The Rhodesians say they were the work of 'terrorists'. Mr Mugabe and Mr Nkomo say they were the work of the Rhodesian army's dirty tricks squad, the Selous Scouts. On the face of it there is no more reason to believe the Nationalists' denial than there is to believe the version of events put out by the Smith regime since Messrs Mugabe and Nkomo cannot – because of the nature of the war – conceivably have checked the facts with their units in the field before they issued their denial. However, without pretending to have access to any more information than that available to correspondents on the spot, there are reasons why the Smith side's version should be treated with a great deal more scepticism than most newspapers and commentators are prepared to allow.

To recap, the regime has twice within the last six months been caught red-handed lying about certain major events: first, there was the story of how their forces had raided a guerrilla camp in Mozambique killing hundreds of 'terrorists'. Secondly there was the case of the schoolchildren who fled to Botswana. If the Rhodesian Ministry of Information will totally misrepresent the facts in these two cases, why should they not also lie about incidents for which the other side of the story is not yet available?

Then there is the question of motive. While there may be doubt about who is responsible for these atrocities there can be no doubt as to who stands to gain from the propaganda value attached to these incidents: the Rhodesian authorities. If, as the Rhodesians and others allege, the guerrillas are being trained by Cubans, Russians, Chinese or anyone else knowledgeable about guerrilla warfare the one thing they will be drumming into their recruits is that they should do nothing to alienate civilians or potentially friendly elements; on the contrary, they should work to gain their confidence. While it is just conceivable that the killings could be the work of under-trained and panicky Nationalist guerrillas, it is quite unbelievable that the slaughter of missionaries and civilians constitutes official policy.

Thirdly, and most important of all, dare we contemplate the possibility that the

urbane, apparently civilised white men who run Rhodesia are capable of initiating these horrors solely in order to exploit the propaganda value generated by such incidents? The Catholic Church in Rhodesia has already compiled dossiers of evidence of black Rhodesian army troops dressed as guerrillas being sent into villages to commit atrocities. There is space here only to recall the most outstanding example which occurred at Karima on Mount Darwin on 12 June 1975.

Unanswered Questions

That evening eight men who said they were guerrillas visited the Karima kraal and called a meeting which was attended by about 50 tribesmen. The men denounced the kraalhead and beat him with a stick, then they left taking him with them. As soon as they had disappeared Rhodesian security forces opened fire on the gathering from a distance of about ten yards in the direction in which the 'guerrillas' had left. Twenty people – most of them women and children – died in the gunfire that followed. The village headman, last seen disappearing with the 'guerrillas', reappeared the next day in the company of the security forces and apparently uninjured. A communiqué put out by the army two days later described the incident as follows:

On the night of 12 June a security force patrol was alerted by the sound of a man being clubbed in his kraal. On approaching the kraal to investigate the incident the patrol came under fire from a terrorist group. In the ensuing fight 20 persons were killed. The victim of the terrorist atrocity was a local headman who survived this vicious assault. He was rescued by the patrol and is receiving medical attention . . . This is yet another example of innocent persons being forced at gunpoint to witness atrocities against their tribal leaders. There were no security force casualties.

The Roman Catholic Commission for Justice and Peace investigated this incident and pointed to the following factual difficulties in the official version: (a) There was no fight, (b) the only casualties were innocent villagers, (c) the only shots were fired by the security forces, (d) no guerrillas were reported either killed or captured, (e) the headman appeared to be uninjured. The Commission added: 'Those who survived the shooting at Karima believe that the terrorists were not terrorists at all, but were part of a trap set by the Rhodesian security forces.'

The incident is only worth recounting at length to show that it is by no means beyond the bounds of possibility that the Rhodesian security forces – the notorious Selous Scouts or the Rhodesian SAS – disguise themselves as guerrillas for the purpose of creating black propaganda. It is not possible to say that this is definitely what happened in the case of all or any of the incidents discussed. All that can be said from this distance is that they raise many serious and quite unanswered questions. In the circumstances one would welcome a somewhat more inquiring attitude on the part of the growing corps of white correspondents – not to mention sub-editors and leader writers back home – who are supposed to be reporting the war in Rhodesia.

London Diary

□ From what I reliably hear, the timing of the Special Branch vendetta against *Time Out* was deliberately calculated to put the Attorney-General on the spot. Campbell and Aubrey were arrested last Friday night. They were not interviewed until Sunday afternoon, and were charged on Sunday evening. At no stage during these two days was the Attorney-General consulted, as required by the Official Secrets Act. The Special Branch suspected that he might refuse consent and decided to by-pass him and rely upon the resulting publicity to pressure him into authorising their *fait accompli*. If Sam Silkin has any self-respect, he will not only refuse permission to prosecute, but will demand the demotion of police officers who decide to act as a law unto themselves.

□ Isn't the Labour Party being rather blimpish about the European Parliament? First it refused to send any members there, though it was obvious that it would eventually have to. Then (having complained that the EEC is undemocratic) it stood out against the members being elected, though again they will eventually have to be. And thirdly it is against elections by PR, though this one day will have to be accepted too. The argument against PR in elections to the House of Commons rests, pretty cogently, on our dislike – the Labour Party's dislike, anyway – for coalition governments. But in the EEC we can't prevent both the Council of Ministers and the Commission being drawn from a mixture of conservatives and socialists. Europeans see no virtue in the first-past-the-post system, any more than in other British oddities like our immigration formalities and our licensing laws. They are likely to remark that the MPs we send to Strasbourg simply don't represent the political allegiances of the British people.

□ However, one EEC practice is thoroughly bad. Last Sunday's papers published details of how Anthony Crosland spent his last week before his stroke, and the worst of his ordeals was a foreign ministers' meeting at Brussels which began at 10 a.m. on 8 February and lasted until 5 a.m. on 9 February. These marathon meetings are a horrible EEC tradition, originally the responsibility of De Gaulle who instructed his ministers to keep the session going until everybody was worn out and agreement was reached on the terms desired by France. Now that De Gaulle is presumably employing the technique in another sphere, it's time to introduce rational procedures in Brussels.

□ Inflation is speeding up, and no one seems to know just why. It can't be blamed on wage demands after 18 months of rigorous restraint. After long cogitation I've concluded that the cause of inflation is higher prices. This will make economists smile disdainfully, and I admit that it sounds like saying that spots on your face are the cause of acne. What I mean is that manufacturers and traders are putting up prices on the assumption that it's the normal thing to do, and even with a vague feeling that

not to do so would offend against the spirit of the times. Look at mushrooms, which in my view rank with cheese and wine as an essential part of civilisation. Just before Christmas they were 10p a quarter-pound and now, in my neighbourhood at least, they're 14p. Why? Because, that's why.

□ Most of my friends detest Mrs Thatcher and get into an intensely emotional state when they see her on television. Naturally I don't want her to be Prime Minister and I've never agreed with anything she has said. I see no reason, furthermore, to dissent from Alan Watkins's judgment that she has 'an incurably commonplace mind' – although let's remember that few party leaders have shown intellectual originality (you could scarcely make that claim for Attlee, Wilson or Callaghan). All this is still no reason to hate her, and when I ponder on it I realise that those who do hate her are very often men. Mrs Thatcher is a pugnacious, self-confident and highly partisan politician, patently eager to inflict defeat on her opponents. Could it be that she arouses the same antagonism that Barbara Castle aroused in Tories, especially male Tories? Could it be that my friends feel, half-consciously, that a woman has no right to be pugnacious and self-confident? When the Tories were in power I always thought that Labour should present a fighting opposition, as Dick Crossman used to call it; and it seems to me that a Tory leader today has a perfect right to take that view and to incarnate that spirit.

□ I have a message from a man I know called James Fenton: will the person who is applying for Fortnum & Mason free gifts in his name please stop doing it? Fenton has heard from Miss Perch, *Clinique* consultant at the famous store (no, it's all true, unless their notepaper is forged) to say that she has received his application but he has only masked one item. (Relax, printers – it says 'masked'.) He is entitled to two and she suggests the special Hand and Body Lotion, for use after the Exfoliating Cream. Other items listed in the brochure which came with the letter are the Wrinkle Stick, the Touch Stick, the Dramatically Different Moisturising Lotion, the Clarifying Lotion, and the Beauty Emergency Masque. I've told Fenton he might do well to acquire the last-named for editorial conferences. There are some journals where they could do with the Clarifying Lotion, but not the NS, of course.

□ I doubt if I'll ever go to the South Pacific, but I've been reading two accounts of the Marquesas Islands: Melville's *Types* and Stevenson's *In the South Seas*. Melville, who was there in 1842, paints a delighted picture of people living in contentment, magnificent health and, as we'd say now, perfect ecological balance. Stevenson, 46 years later, found the population halved, diseases of all kinds rampant, the people living in fear mingled with resigned depression, and their culture pretty well stamped out by the French administration. All imperialism is loathsome but each imperialism works differently. The French, with the aim of humiliating and discrediting the Marquesan priests, tied up three of them beneath a

bridge and compelled the local girls to urinate on them. I don't think that would have occurred to a British governor.

□ The current issue of *Writers News* (so spelled – no apostrophe) has an article about plagiarism in the form of an exercise in history. Two writers, Shakespeare and Marlow, 'are the best of friends and are working happily together, collaborating on a play called *Hamlet*'. Marlow shows Shakespeare a synopsis for a play to be called *As You Like It*. 'Over the next few years they meet from time to time', and then Marlow 'is stunned to suddenly see' that *As You Like It* is Shakespeare's forthcoming production. You would imagine that a contributor to the journal of the Writers' Guild would know how to spell Marlowe, even if he didn't know that Marlowe had been dead for seven years when *As You Like It* was written.

□ One day last week the Court Circular recorded that Princess Margaret made a trip to Bristol. Lady Anne Tennant went with her – nobody else, apparently. They travelled in an aircraft of the Queen's Flight. Rather a knock for British Rail, whose super high-speed train thus fails to get patronage from the House of Windsor. The Royals haven't yet taken to going to the airport by helicopter, like American presidents, so I'll make Princess Margaret an offer. Next time she has to go to Bristol she can use her chosen route, I'll take the train, and I bet I'll beat her to it.

□ Now then, how about the revelation that King Hussein of Jordan is paid by the CIA? Recalling the dignified atmosphere of his palace in Amman, where I interviewed him in the course of a highly dubious press tour of Arab countries (paid for by the Government of Kuwait, they said, but now I wonder), I must say I'm amused by the thought of the King sneaking out at night to collect a bundle of dollar bills from a hollow fig-tree. I also wonder what we've been doing all this time paying our monarch from British resources. Just think what we could have saved.

Mervyn Jones

This England

Prizes: £3 book token for first entry, £2 tokens for others printed. Paste entries on a postcard

□ Mr Martin Trowbridge, Director-General of the Chemical Industries Association, said: 'In taxation terms, many managers in the chemical industry are now worse off than they were in feudal times.' – *The Times* (Mrs F. C. McIntyre)

□ Looking tired and worn after their marathon court stint, the jury seemed relieved to reach the hotel last night. They tucked into a meal of soup, steaks, ice cream and coffee and took drinks to their bedrooms. They shared £10 double rooms without bathrooms and had a £3.50 evening meal each, added the hotel spokesman. They were unable to watch television and the score in last night's England v. Holland football match was brought to them by an usher. – *Brighton Evening Argus* (G. M. Moger)

University Forum

John Forsyth*

The Power and the Glory

On the day this article is published the new Rector of Dundee University will be elected and in the case of three of the candidates it seems fairly certain that, whichever one wins, the government will get it. The potential strength and influence of the Rector as the student-elected representative on the Court of the Scottish universities will remain largely unused.

The pre-poll favourite in Dundee was the present incumbent, Clement Freud, Liberal MP, *gourmand*, broadcaster and 'personality'. He is following the example of his predecessor, Peter Ustinov, in running for a second term. Ustinov was Dundee's first Rector when it received its charter in 1967. Challenging Freud: Philip Agee, writer, rehabilitated CIA agent and deportee currently considering the wisdom of going underground in Scotland to await Independence. Although his rectorial campaign was given a helpful boost by Merlyn Rees's rejection of the Agee/Hosenball appeals, the most certain aspect of Agee's candidacy has been the uncertainty of his being around to begin, far less complete, a three-year term of office. Running both distressingly closely: Miss Fiona Richmond, the face that launched a thousand double entendres. Rectorship. Lay representation. Abiding interest in the student body. We've sniggered at them all. However it has to be noted that her campaign – including a screening of her latest film, *Hard Core*, and posters of herself, topless, asking students for their support – is no more irrelevant than the others. Her poster campaign though, did elicit from one of her less gallant opponents the observation: 'You can rely on tat for tit.'

The fourth name on Friday's ballot is Arthur MacDonald's. A 26-year-old recent graduate of Dundee University and activist in student and community politics, he represents the 1970s 'maximalist' interpretation of the use of the Rectorship. This interpretation, developed in the late 1960s as a result of the realisation that the specifically democratic origins of the Scottish universities, reflected constitutionally in the office of Rector, gave the Scots a start on the European-wide pressure for greater student involvement in university government. Recognition that the position was not being fully utilised came during, and as a result of, Malcolm Muggeridge's stormy term as Rector at Edinburgh.

Muggeridge's resignation speech in 1968 helpfully dramatised the divergence of his and the traditional usage of the office from the developing aspirations for student participation in university government. Up to his knees in fire and brimstone in the pulpit of St Giles Cathedral, he heaped moral opprobrium on his detractors for trying to interfere in what he did after they had

elected him. He claimed it was about contraceptives, but there was really more to their opposition than that.

After Muggeridge the students in all the universities demanded more of their Rectors, culminating in the election of student Rectors in Edinburgh in 1971 and 1972. However now the tide that brought a new sense of importance and effectiveness to the Rectorship in the early Seventies seems to be in full ebb. Mr MacDonald's chances in Dundee today have not been generally fancied against the 'personalities' – the cooker, the spooker and the hooker.

The current generation of students in Scotland, as in England, tend to wear the unpleasant face of creeping moderation. They have chosen to revert to the pre-1968 type. They prefer to use the rectorial campaign as a bonus, a three-yearly rag week. In that interpretation the point of the Rectorship is the campaign itself and is thus achieved on polling day. There are few expectations of the winning candidate.

The 'maximalist' interpretation, the basis of Mr MacDonald's candidacy, seems barely to have lasted a decade. It insists that inviting prestigious, famous or infamous outsiders to present the student case at Court meetings is not enough. The unique status of the Rector, especially in the four ancient Scottish universities, potentially endows the incumbent with a continuing, wide-ranging, constructive role. It is difficult for a visitor to the university – someone who only appears for ten Court meetings a year – to fulfil that potential. It is better to have someone close to the university and more or less continuously available. In this way the Rector is able to develop an awareness of the university community beyond the constitutional superstructure. Simple knowledge of the latter will enable him to make representations at Court, if he chooses, on behalf of students with problems. However, usually there are several agencies available to do that sort of thing.

A resident Rector can go beyond this to take a creative role in debating policy within the university – with administration, teaching and non-teaching staff and students – and without the university – with the wider community. In most universities the expression Town and Gown refers to a divorce, not a marriage. Perhaps the crucial advantage of the resident Rector is that he will be able to learn the intricate secrets of the university bureaucracy and pinpoint the sources of inertia. Hell hath no fury like a Scottish university threatened with change, nor the resources to resist it. Were Mr Agee to be elected Rector at Dundee he might find the task of unravelling the

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undercover activities of the Scottish university establishment an equally taxing challenge to that posed by the CIA.

Thus the 'maximalists' reject, first, the kind of incumbent who was the rule between the passage of the 1858 Universities (Scotland) Act and the 1960s. That Act confirmed the Rector as Chairman of the Court at Edinburgh, Glasgow, St Andrews and Aberdeen Universities and limited the electorate to the matriculated student body. It was followed by a succession of politicians and literary figures who 'allowed their names to go forward' and only turned up for their inauguration (if that) and the honorary degree which invariably followed demission of office. Baldwin, J. M. Barrie, Marconi, Churchill, Lloyd George, Jan Smuts and Gladstone all won their kudos.

It was more difficult deciding to reject, secondly, the 1960s class of personable, well-meaning media men. Those charismatic figures did turn up fairly regularly – to half or often more Court meetings – and were hard working by their own lights. Since the '60s we've seen Michael Barratt, Peter Ustinov, John Cleese, Kenneth Allsop and Jimmy Reid. The latter, elected at Glasgow after the UCS work-in arguably vested the office with its greatest dignity and humility, expressed in his address on 'Alienation'.

However it was probably Kenneth Allsop, who followed Muggeridge at Edinburgh, who showed the next step forward in the use of the office. He broke with tradition and took up his statutory right to chair the Court – to the displeasure of Principal (subsequently Sir) Michael Swan. His energy and diligence showed how much could be done but also the limits to further advance for any outsider.

His successor was a postgraduate student, Jonathan Wills, who was thus the first student in Britain, and probably the world, to become chairman of his university's governing body. On Wills's graduation a second student, Gordon Brown, was elected. Brown's forceful approach initiated debates on the future of the university and the community in the Eighties and Nineties. He tried to get the university and the students to examine their responsibility as consumer of public funds, as landlord, as employer as well as educational resource. The university establishment tended to stonewall such debate until they could persuade the Privy Council to amend the relevant legislation to strip the Rector of his right to chair the Court. Although it has not managed to do so yet, the Court has a much better understanding with Brown's successor, Magnus Magnusson elected on a platform of ending confrontation.

What he has done is to put back the clock to the media-men and the absentee-landlord approach to the Rectorship. At the other universities the same process of withdrawal from the brink of participation has taken place. With moderation have come Frank Muir at St Andrews, Arthur Montfort (STV's football commentator) at Glasgow, and Ian Cuthbertson at Aberdeen.

The Rectorship is an astonishing, almost accidental, affirmation of the intention that the students of the university are as important as the professoriat in its decision making and administration. It's a pity the students won't believe it.

First Person

Arthur Marshall

In Gratitude

How odd is the extraordinary variety of the persons who, not always for a very apparent reason, catch the public imagination and remain for ever of interest. Crippen, for example, a shoddy and inefficient little murderer. Mata Hari, both a bad dancer and a doubtful spy. Some achieve it mainly by an early death. I always maintain that if Lawrence of Arabia and Isadora Duncan were still living in querulous retirement as OAPs in a run-down private hotel in Bognor, nobody would give them a second thought. Sometimes inactivity does the trick. The reputation of E. M. Forster, who was already to some minds rather too highly rated, increased to giant proportions with every silent year that passed. The matchless Lunts, ever modest, have claimed that they only became really famous the moment they gave up acting and nobody could see them any more. It pains me to couple the name of W. Somerset Maugham with that of Crippen but he, too, is one whom the public will never let go. Biographers will, till kingdom come, be having a go at him and digging here, ferreting there.

The latest offering by Frederic Raphael has just been published by Thames and Hudson at £3.95. The book's illustrations, strangely inept here and there, reveal the shape of facial things to come – the sad, serious orphan boy and the gloomy scholar of King's School, Canterbury. Mr Raphael's is a conscientious attempt at a fair biography but the text reveals little that was not already widely enough known and carries with it less than hearty appreciation of both Mr Maugham and his works. That face would be glummer still.

As I said, it pains me because he was a friend. I was lucky enough to stay with him and his companion, Gerald Haxton, at the Villa Mauresque at Cap Ferrat a number of times in the Thirties and, though Gerald was dead by then, also after the war. Beyond displaying extreme pleasure at his jokes, which were more frequent and funnier than some may imagine, I had little to offer either socially or intellectually and he must have found me a bore but he was far too polite and kind to show it. If I had things to say, I was, anyhow, in those days far too shy to say them. Willie, as I was soon allowed to call him, had great charm and beautiful manners but he could be chilling and one didn't risk a bromide in his presence. The villa was large and comfortable. The food was perfect. There were bathing and tennis and trips in the yacht. There was a wonderful garden and guests had a whale of a time. I suppose that in the climate of today I ought to be feeling ashamed of enjoying such privilege and hedonistic activities. Well I am not.

Some quirk in his character made him not greatly mind when people behaved

badly. He expected them to, for he had no high opinion of human nature and when events supported this view he was not really displeased. Gerald Haxton could be relied on to provide him, periodically, with stimulating jolts. One day at the villa there was what was, for me, a lunch party of an impressive kind for among the guests were G. B. Stern, Elizabeth ('German Garden') Russell and H. G. Wells. Elizabeth Russell, living nearby in France, had written a book of enormous charm and humour, *The Enchanted April*, and it was fascinating to meet her. She was indeed enchanting. She told us that she never attempted to conform to summer time or French hours or ever to alter her clocks ('I'm very hungry. You see, it's half past three by my inside'). When Willie wasn't looking, Gerald, who had a problem, darted to the drinks table and briskly lowered half a tumbler of neat gin. We went into lunch, somewhat formally, and sat down. Willie, searching about for something with which to start conversational balls rolling, said genially 'I've just had a h-h-hot bath' (when writing of him, it is essential to indicate the stammer). Gerald, semi-tipsy, gave a snort of disgust at this banality, leant forward and said loudly and clearly, 'and did you masturbate?' A terrible silence fell as we scooped up our avocados. But Willie had been asked a question, and questions must be answered, if with difficulty. There were some anguished facial contortions and finger snappings, which sometimes helped, and then came 'As it h-h-happens, n-n-n-n-no.' We ate on.

At less formal and more relaxed meals, interesting matters emerged, among them the unusual behaviour of his brother Frederick, the Lord Chancellor. 'I've always sent him tickets for my first nights, and first editions of my b-b-b-books, but he's never even acknowledged one of them or let it be known, even by mistake, that he'd seen the play or read the book. Isn't he a sh-sh-sh-shameful fellow!' He knew well how sometimes to use the stammer to the best advantage. During the Thirties, many of the famous, Gladys Cooper among them, were bursting into advertising and making large sums (it was always said that the royal family had to do a deal with the proprietors of Pond's Cream when Princess Marina, impoverished and cheerfully and profitably exposing her beautiful face to the soft smoothness of Pond's, became engaged to Prince George). Willie said that he had been approached several times to advertise this or that. Why, then, had he refused? 'To put it bluntly, they've never offered me enough money. I've never done it before and virginity is v-v-v-valuable.' Very occasionally past regrets surfaced. 'Through diffidence or shyness, I've missed a number of chances of sexual congress, even when they were

handed to me on a plate.' The combination of the slight pomposity of 'sexual congress' with the slang of 'on a plate' was very characteristic. The age, sex and nationality of the plate-profferers were not produced. He never liked his novels or plays or short stories to be referred to too directly, but an oblique reference, when talking of something else, did not come amiss.

He was immensely kind to the young writers who sent their work to him and asked for advice. He came down to lunch one day, exhausted. 'I've spent the entire m-m-morning telling polite fibs to people I d-d-don't know. I can't h-h-help putting myself in their shoes. When I was young, nobody ever b-b-bothered to encourage me. I only wish the silly b-b-buggers wouldn't write so much.' In Cambridge, at a party for some intelligent undergraduates in King's, he became nervous. 'D-d-d-don't leave me', he whispered, and so I hung about. A highish-minded young man came up and asked him whether he had allowed his stories to be made into films because he 'approved of the cinema as a medium', or some such. Willie became flustered and unhappy. 'Oh no. I don't give a d-d-d-damn about that sort of thing. I just did it for the m-m-m-m-money.' The undergraduate, looking slightly shocked, walked away. 'I felt I h-h-h-had to tell him the t-t-truth.'

In London, at lunch at the Dorchester, he had just received a fan letter from T. S. Eliot, who had also sent him, and it was January, two dozen red roses ('I feel not unlike an elderly t-t-tart'). Recently, Willie had been to Buckingham Palace to receive from the Queen the considerable honour of the C.H. Of course one congratulated him but, though not ungrateful, he was unimpressed. 'But don't you see what the C.H. means for somebody like me? It means "well done, but . . ."'. He was, of course, referring to the possibility of the O.M., which some, including myself, might consider that he had deserved, an opinion strengthened by a glance at the names of some of the recipients over the last 50 years. But enormous commercial success consorts ill with the O.M. Those aiming at this distinction must be careful not to bring too much enjoyment to too many people.

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—John Papworth, *Resurgence*, February 1977

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Letters to the Editor

Jones's Secret Ballot

Sir, It would be tedious, though not at all difficult, to reply to every one of Jack Jones's criticisms of my letter (NS 18 February). But his final remarks on the democratic character of the election for his successor which is now going on really are breathtaking and really do demand an answer.

Think what is at stake. The general secretary of the Transport Workers' Union is elected without recall until he is 65. He is the only important officer of his union who is elected at all. The others are appointed, and usually on his say-so at that. Furthermore, the constitution of the TGWU is such that its leader can almost invariably make its policy. And, remember, the union casts the largest block vote at the TUC and the Labour Party conference. The job is pivotal to the entire labour movement. Indeed, I would argue that it is the most important single election in the whole British political calendar. However that may be, it marginally involves the largest voting constituency in the country – the near 2 million members of the union.

Here, if anywhere, you would have thought, is a case for the widest possible campaign. But the 14 candidates in this election are confined to a 500-word election address which, if a TGWU member is lucky enough to get hold of a copy, will prove about as good a guide to form as a piece of damp seaweed. So might not the press and TV play a part? Not if Jack Jones has his way. He wants, as he put it last week, the election to pass off 'without let or hindrance from the media'.

But what is the point of the secret ballot of which Mr Jones makes so much if you don't know whom you're voting for? Why should the press not fill the gap the union leaves? Are the unions a sacred exception to the idea of public scrutiny of the political process? And can this really be what Moss Evans, Mr Jones's favoured candidate in this election, meant when he spoke up for a free press to a TUC audience last week? I'm afraid I believe it is. What they really seem to be after is not a free press but a tame one.

ERIC JACOBS
Labour Editor

Sunday Times
200 Gray's Inn Road
London WC1

Johnson's Reaction

Sir, Paul Johnson's 'Labour and the New Leviathan' (NS 11 February) provokes a very large number of questions. That there are lunatics on the Left proves . . . what? That Eysenck was right in his tie-up between one's politics and one's personality? Mr Johnson should discuss that thesis in detail, with the well-known objections to it. Socialists may, of course, turn reactionary – Mr Johnson appears to be a case in point – but presumably the reverse process occurs. Are all political centrists in their right mind? I know of no evidence on this question: nor, I suspect, does Mr Johnson. That there has been a populist, anti-capitalist strain in fascism is well-known, but this will not support broad generalisations about the basic similarity of fascism and Marxism.

Broad – not to say oceanic – generalisation is Mr Johnson's forte. Is all collectivism necessarily violent? Is a belief in collectives so very terrible if it involves just a recognition that they exist and act? Is Paul Johnson denying that antagonistic social classes exist? The point

is arguable. But he does not argue it. Is a dislike of Parliament bound to be authoritarian? That 600-odd people and a bunch of non-elected Lords should rule our lives, uncontrolled by us except, very indirectly, every three or four years, seems to me absurd. Would workers' councils be worse? If so, why? (For these councils could embrace mandated representatives of OAPs, farmers, etc.) If IMG and SWP are contemptuous of individuals, how is it that the very headlines Mr Johnson quotes seem to be deeply concerned with individuals' rights? Is it so astonishing that people are exhorted to vigorous and direct action, when that is part and parcel of getting change? Is 'direct' a synonym of 'violent'? Are all demonstrations 'violent'? All strikes? All lobbies? All meetings? All leafleting? All discussions?

And so it goes on. Was Marx really a determinist and historicist? I think not. Kropotkin was universally loved for his gentleness and peaceful approach to politics. Was Hegel the father of fascism? Where is the dialectic in Marx? You may search for it in vain. How could Marx have supported the all-encompassing state when he predicted and desired its withering away? The violence of Mr Johnson's language ('kick them off the stage etc.') equals or surpasses anything in the *Red Weekly* or *Morning Star*. He has abandoned cool analysis and objectivity and has therefore succumbed to a kind of unthinking ranting which he readily attributes to others. What is right in his criticisms (and there is much that is right) is lost in the general flailing about.

Finally, where does Paul Johnson now stand politically? Remarks about a 'Christian presence', the Popper quote, the apparent belief in wicked human nature, the consistent anti-unionism, and the tone of hysteria, strongly suggest that he has fallen into reaction. Is he going to go on writing for the NS? If so, why?

H. M. JONES

Department of Philosophy
St David's University College
Lampeter, Dyfed

Sir, Paul Johnson is not only growing shriller by the article, he is also betraying an increasing impatience for historical accuracy. A case in point is his lumping together of Sorel, Blanqui and Kropotkin as being equally violent (NS 11 February). Sorel and Blanqui, maybe – though where Blanqui's advocacy of violence was strategic, for Sorel it was an end in itself and it was not surprising that he ended up a fascist.

But Kropotkin is from an altogether different tradition and was perhaps the most strongly committed to non-violence of all the classical anarchists. Paul Johnson's tirades against the Left and the unions may well be suited to the right-wing papers which delight in printing them, but he ought to be a little less crude in the NEW STATESMAN.

PETER HAIN

84 Fawe Park Road
London SW15

The Libertine Trial

Sir, Francis Bennion on *Libertine* 7 (NS 18 February) bristles with so many *obiter dicta* that analysis is akin to skinning a cactus. For example, the publishers were helped by 'others willing to work for nothing in what they saw as an important cause'. What important cause? Ah well, Colin and Arabella took *Libertine* over 'as a labour of love and principle'. Like

a cartoon of a soldier having oral sex with his mother. That's *love*? That's *principle*? Or there's that bit about *Libertine* being political because it attacks the Establishment by attacking its cherished institutions: monarchy, law, religion, marriage. Presumably we should find ourselves on the same political side as the housebreaker, the drugs pedlar, the drunken driver and the confidence trickster because they are doing a fair job in trying to topple a few cherished Establishment institutions as well.

It may come as a profound surprise to Mr Bennion, whose closest physical contact with a worker is presumably when he puts his bus fare into the hand of the conductor, but marriage is still a cherished institution in working-class circles and I strongly suspect that their views on the other matters raised would differ substantially from those of Mr Bennion's middle-class friends. The one I like best, though, is the one about Colin and Bella seeing 'sexual freedom as an important political issue'. Obviously we have to accept this because Colin and Bella are saying it and Bella, after all, has a Ph.D. (twice mentioned in the article) and a B.Sc. to boot. The assertion, in any case, has the *imprimatur* of no less than John Mortimer, QC who has asserted the same, or something very much like it, more than once. We scarcely needed to be told, incidentally, that Mr Mortimer was defending. Wherever the chic are being ever so radical, there you will find Mr Mortimer.

What is so striking about Colin and Bella and all their friends is not their challenge (if it is a challenge) to the law but their total suffocating, mind-bending irrelevance. We are faced with a classic crisis of capitalism, manifested by dropping living standards, unemployment, sinister warnings of further attacks on the freedom of the trade union movement and racial, political and religious oppression all over the world. The Labour movement cries out for intellectuals as well as workers who will provide constructive ideas and leadership. Up steps Arabella Melville, closely followed by Messrs Bennion and Mortimer, brandishing her Ph.D. and her adolescent cartoons. God help us! Thank you dear – leave your material at the door. Don't ring us, we'll ring you.

L. H. MOODY

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London SE3

Mr Wilby's Curriculum

Sir, I should like to comment on Peter Wilby's final article on the core curriculum (NS 18 February). He's right in one thing only: the need to distinguish the essential. But to see the essential in terms of 'local needs', 'talking to French shopkeepers' or a narrow literacy is to focus on the incidental and the inessential. There can be only one essential in education: the struggle to create meaning in our lives (which involves grappling with the reports of others). Whatever the academic level the child works at, this is the aim.

The English core curriculum, for example, must therefore focus on the way language can create meaning, and where necessary, an examination of the language that destroys it. Talk of skills and that philistine, honorific 'expertise' is to destroy the meaning of English studies. To feel the beauty or receive the insight of a great writer is not a skill or an activity we acquire 'expertise' in. Tomorrow I shall be reading Wordsworth with my students. I shall be neither simply 'analysing', nor being 'practical' nor dealing with 'knowledge' nor in 'application' or any other of the simple-minded polarities Mr Wilby may set up. I shall be trying once more to grasp at the beauty and subtlety of the language of a great poet and inviting my students to share that attempt with me, knowing that this in-

volves bringing ourselves as whole people to the work, and that it will have implications for the whole of life, including of course the technological, rationalistic, utilitarian culture we live in.

That constitutes the central, essential 'core' - of physics and chemistry as much as English and history; utilitarian aims will incidentally be realised by it - but to focus on these (as 'core' implies) is to put mere mechanics before the spirit, and the result is always death.

K. G. ROBOTOM

Senior Lecturer in English
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Canley, Coventry

Sir, Reading Peter Wilby's educational pieces week by week I am repeatedly caused to shudder by the way in which his arguments are urbanely based upon assertions which he presents as if derived via divine revelation rather than as a consequence of his own extremely superficial and uncritical view of the educational activity. For instance, the other week, in a piece about language teaching Mr Wilby blithely asserted that education was mainly about communication. And the following week to add to the collection, there was:

The chief problem apparently is that most children find school science too difficult. This isn't surprising, since science, like foreign languages, used to be confined to the grammar schools.

In short, according to Mr Wilby children find science difficult to do because they are not bright enough - the imagery of illumination is, by the way, Mr Wilby's not mine.

I wonder, is it too much to ask that an educational correspondent in a radical weekly should not base his work upon the fashionable view of education and instead concern himself with what actually happens in classrooms? For if he took a look inside a classroom he would find that the children therein are actually engaged in making and using things *representationally*. That is they are endeavouring to learn how to use things such as words, numbers, pictures, maps, models and so to represent their experiences in ways which make sense to themselves and are meaningful to other people. The present troubles in education stem from the fact that the activity of making and using things representationally can be carried out in two quite radically different ways; on the one hand in a craft manner based upon informal understanding; and on the other hand in a technological manner based upon formal knowledge. And presently it is the craft manner of working which informs much of the teaching within local authority education. Consequently those children who can cope with this form of teaching are called by their teachers 'bright' whilst those who cannot are labelled with some down-putting euphemism. To put no fine a point upon it the trouble with present day education lies, not with the abilities of the children being educated, but with the inability of those doing the educating to move education from a craft-based cottage industry to a technological-based modern institution. And it seems to me that Mr Wilby's sources for divine revelation have kept him singularly ill informed about this state of affairs. Perhaps this is because he was, as a child, 'bright'.

JOHN LINSIE

33 Grasmere Avenue
Near Green Lane
Coventry

Richard the First

Sir, Anthony Howard writes (NS 18 February) in his review of Joe Haines's book that 'he has probably ended up by immortalising' Lady

Falkender. Priority here belongs to Richard Crossman who wrote in his diary on January 17, 1967 (*Diaries*, Vol 2, p. 201):

Marcia has got more influence with Harold now than any single man. There's no doubt that my appointment to Housing and now to the Leadership of the House was largely her doing... She was in tears because of a disgusting article about her in the *Evening Standard*... Harold had to soothe her until 11 o'clock this evening and as a result he couldn't get much work done on his speech for Strasbourg.

DOUGLAS HUBBLE

Yonder Hill
Thirtover, Cold Ash
Newbury, Berks.

What Hitler Really Said

Sir, Mr J. W. Bruegel started quite promisingly our discussion (Letters, 28 January) on what Hitler said in his Munich speech of 24 February 1934. But, alas, I am now sadly disappointed. He attempts to round up the subject by first wrongly accusing me of quoting out of context, then quoting out of context himself, and finally attempting to get away with it by the old domestic technique of demanding the last word.

So may I end the correspondence for your readers by giving you the actual quotation: 'German economic policy is conducted exclusively in accordance with the interests of the German people. In this respect I am a fanatical socialist. I am not the slave of a few international banking syndicates. I am under no obligation to any capitalist group.'

Mr Bruegel, in extraordinary fashion, suggests that Aims would be sympathetic to this form of collective socialism. As it happens Aims has been attacking the collectivist and corporatist ideas in the Labour Party since the early 1960s (my own 'Modelled on Mussolini', dealing with the fascist origins of the Industrial Reorganisation Corporation, was a case in point). It is odd to be accused of being guilty of the very thing that you are attacking.

MICHAEL IVENS
Director

Aims for Freedom and Enterprise
5 Plough Place
Fetter Lane, EC4

Mercy Dash

Sir, I am sorry that your house poet Mr Woddiss should devote his talent to sneering at the Prime Minister's action on behalf of the shipwrecked cattle. It suggests he has fallen a victim to the ever-present fallacy, Let us do nothing about suffering A because it isn't as big as suffering B.

All compassion, and all prevention of cruelty, is good, and if encouraged is likely to produce more of itself. Therefore it should never be sneered at.

PHILIP LARKIN

105 Newland Park
Hull

Memories of Mr Jinnah

Sir, I am writing a series of contributions to a forthcoming publication *Mohammed Ali Jinnah and British Impressions*. This publication will be in the context of last year's Centenary Celebrations of the birth of the founder of Pakistan.

I shall be grateful to hear from any of your readers who may have related material or personal impressions, particularly concerning the long period he spent in Britain prior to Independence. Any papers received would be carefully copied and returned.

M. SAEED KHAN

22 Glenview Avenue
Heaton, Bradford

Enoch and the Dockers

Sir, Christopher Hitchens' call (London Diary, 28 January) for an 'organised political response to racialism' is most welcome. Some of us have in fact already begun to organise. However, I think he is a little out of touch and underestimates the immense task that lies ahead if he really believes that the 'famous (notorious?) dockers' march for Enoch' was not in support of his racist views but merely a protest against his sacking. I seem to recall the dockers and meat porters singing 'Bye Bye Blackbird' and 'I'm Dreaming of a White Christmas', and chanting and waving racist slogans. Furthermore, three days after his 'rivers of blood' speech (i.e. 23 April 1968) we learn that 1,500 dockers marched on Parliament and submitted a petition asking that the Government 'seriously consider their continuous threat to our living standard by this blind policy of unlimited immigration being imposed on us'. (See Dilip Hiro, *Black British, White British* p. 243-244. Pelican, 1973.) If papers like the NEW STATESMAN are going to rewrite history in this way, then our task of demolishing all the myths that surround the subject will be much more difficult.

JOHN DAVIES
Secretary

Welsh Committee Against Racialism
17 Sunny Bank
Machen
Gwent

Scorn not the Sausage

Sir, In the 'London Diary' (18 February) Mervyn Jones laments the absence of a book on sausages. I am delighted to tell him and other banger enthusiasts that they will not be neglected for much longer - we shall be publishing *The Book of the Sausage* by Anthony and Araminta Hippsalty-Coxe in the not too distant future.

KYLE CATHIE

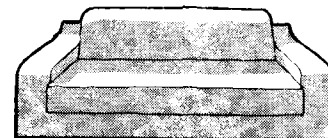
Pan Books
Cavaye Place
London SW10

Tough Answer

Sir, About your Mr Ian Hamilton's article 'Rough Trade' (NS 11 February) and his remarks about *Swap Shop*. I think that *Swap Shop* is ACE: I find it both entertaining and informing. I like the music and the intervals but I find that you cannot get through to Noel Edmonds on the phone. By the way, have you seen *Tiswas*?

LOUISE COX
(age 10)

Franklin's Nook
Main Street
Croppwell Butler, Notts.



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BOOKS IN GENERAL

Jonathan Raban

Uncivil Liberties

The Fall of Public Man by RICHARD SENNETT Cambridge £10.50 and £3.95

The Hidden Injuries of Class by RICHARD SENNETT and JONATHAN COBB Cambridge £7.00 and £3.00

Oh dear, yes, we are all going to have to read Richard Sennett. I give due warning that the experience compares marginally favourably, in terms of duration and discomfort, with going into hospital to have one's wisdom-teeth pulled. For Sennett is the very type of the polymorphous-perverse American intellectual. Such men – like Norman O. Brown and Herbert Marcuse – are the merchant adventurers of the modern academic world. They trade freely between disciplines in pirate cutters. Social Science – the Panama of contemporary thought – offers them a universal flag of convenience. They deal in booty ripped off from their colleagues in history, politics, literature, psychoanalysis, economics, anthropology and sociology. They communicate in the slovenly international pidgin of the graduate seminar. Hectoring, ungraceful and criminally intelligent, they form a new breed of scholar-prophets. Essential reading, they are hell to read.

Richard Sennett is younger, cleverer, more wide-ranging, more urgent, more repetitive, and more slovenly than Brown or Marcuse. Born in 1943, Sennett belongs to the Spock-and-Vietnam generation. As a student radical in the Sixties, he was committed to the New Left politics of protest, spontaneity and the alternative community. By the beginning of the Seventies, when Sennett was a university teacher, those politics were failing as decisively as the politics of an earlier generation of the American Left had failed in the face of Stalinism. The response of the Old Left to their failure has become familiar, cautionary history: they turned, almost to a man, into cold warriors, domino theorists and contributors to *Encounter*. Richard Sennett's massive inquiry into the nature of modern American society (pursued through five books since 1969) is, I suspect, his response to the failure of his generation to engineer a social revolution. Nearly every assumption made by the New Left was proved wrong. What assumptions should, then, have been made? How does a late-20th-century society differ from the kind of industrial society described by Marx and his contemporaries? Why do traditional styles of revolutionary action so conspicuously fail when applied in America now?

Both *The Hidden Injuries of Class* and *The Fall of Public Man* are tacitly activated by these questions. On one level, they are disinterested works of academic social history and analysis; on another, they are

chastened post-mortems into the revolution that failed. *The Hidden Injuries of Class* is (at least by comparison with *The Fall of Public Man*) a modest, wholly intelligible investigation of how a group of Boston workers feel about themselves in relation to their bosses and their subordinates. It reveals how the class system in America (as here), far from promoting any sense of class-solidarity among the industrial proletariat, actually isolates the individual behind an unbreachable barrier of shame and injured dignity. Class – especially in societies that purport to be classless – is as personal as body odour. Its manifold guilts are infinitely more likely to egg the sufferer on to promotion, to collaboration with the very system that is doing him down, than they are to stimulate him to revolutionary action. Where people are judged 'on their merits', where they are valued 'as individuals', where personal, domestic life is thought of as the source of a man's 'reality' and 'authenticity', there the injuries of class supply the essential lifeblood for the survival of capitalism.

This is an extremely important piece of analysis, but Sennett would now argue (*The Hidden Injuries of Class* came out five years ago in the US) that our feelings about class are merely minor symptoms of a great shift in social behaviour which has been taking place during the course of the last two centuries. *The Fall of Public Man* is a heroic, confused, frequently maddening attempt to interpret world history in the light of a single brilliant insight. It has a hugely consequential air. It reads as if Freud, Toynbee and Marx had come together under the mad tutelage of Robert Burton. Yet against all odds, despite Sennett's appalling intellectual garrulousness, lapses into jargon, loops in the argument, crazy repetitions, syntax so obscure that one has to read many sentences aloud to get the faintest inkling of what they might mean – despite all this and more, *The Fall of Public Man* is a book of quite extraordinary force and significance.

The *Classics Illustrated* cartoon version of Sennett goes something like this. In the mid-18th century, the metaphor of society as a theatre was not just a pretty conceit but had a literal meaning. The stage and the street were natural extensions of each other. The audience at a play wore similar clothes, and talked in a parallel formal language, to the costumed actors on the stage. Indeed, the auditorium was not darkened until near the end of the century, and it was customary for audience and actors to engage in cross-talk during the performance. In his social life and in the management of his public affairs, the 18th-century citizen readily accepted that he was

an actor, with all an actor's dependence on masks and conventions. Correspondingly, the actor saw himself, not as a star but as a citizen. He was perhaps a little louder, a little further ahead of current fashion, than the fellows in the boxes, but his conduct followed essentially the same rules as those which obtained in the street and the drawing room.

During the 19th century, the street and the stage became quite separate provinces. The lights went down; the audience fell silent; costumes ceased to be interchangeable. The performer moved to the ritual margin of society, to become at once adored and made irrelevant as a romantic artist. The citizen, meanwhile, ceased to think of himself as an actor. 'Real' life – as opposed to the public theatre of role-playing and convention – lay in intimacy, privacy, spontaneity. Its temple was the family, a secret refuge from the 'insincere' and 'inauthentic' strains of public life. With the rise of individualism, people turned in revulsion from what they perceived as the phoney art of social theatre. Just as class became a shamefully personal matter, so did clothes and language become authentic only insofar as they expressed selfhood – that tyrannous sense of uniqueness which possesses the most mass-produced of individuals. The citizen's relation to public life became that of the passive spectator in a darkened auditorium. In the clamour for individual liberty, civility was trampled underfoot; and a modern industrial society is, argues Sennett, one in which a mass of individuals are effectively enslaved to a principle of Intimacy which prevents them from either participating in the state or from relating to one another.

The advantage of this cartoon is that it reveals just how closely Sennett comes to that earlier generation of disillusioned lefties. Both embrace the theology of the Fall as an explanation of our social condition. But where, say, Sydney Hook locates this fall in the natural wickedness of man (its usual place), Sennett finds it in 'modern capitalism and secularism'. Just as one way of reading Marx's *Capital* is to interpret it as the most lavish tribute to feudalism ever written, so one is tempted to read Sennett's book as a homage to the lost age of the emergent, unbridled, mercantile bourgeoisie. In outline at least, Sennett seems hardly less conservative than Ortega y Gasset.

That, though, would be to miss the fine details of Sennett's argument – and it is the details which are both the chief glory and the source of most of the infuriating confusions of *The Fall of Public Man*. Into the giant intellectual mincing machine of his book Sennett feeds subjects like town planning, music (the rise of the virtuoso and the emergence of the conductor), politics (the revolution of 1848, the Dreyfus affair, Nixon and Wallace), literature, the history of fashion, the history of theatre, the history of broadcasting, the history of painting, the history of manners . . . the history, indeed, of just about everything short of beekeeping and philately. In every area of human activity, Sennett reveals the intense, privatising force of capitalism at work, pressing people into an intimacy at once formless, lonely and fratricidal. Like Marx, he seems enchanted, transfixed by

the system he uncloaks; and as he heaps detail upon detail, without regard for balance or progression, he has the unhinged air of an angry lover.

The Hidden Injuries of Class ends with a somewhat hollow appeal for an immediate divorce between personal ability and common dignity. *The Fall of Public Man* moves towards what seems like a more possible and hopeful conclusion. By rejecting the civilised theatre of masks and roles, we have, says Sennett, lost both the will and the capacity to live among strangers. The city (which is a community of strangers) is now feared and despised, in an epidemic of paranoid anti-urbanism. Far from being the centre of civility, it is thought of as a place of dirty secrets where powerful strangers get up to no good behind our backs. What must be recovered is the confidence to live as citizens, the courage to embrace the idea of the city (with all its impersonal relations) as a social possibility. We need to lose our stage fright.

Sennett's prescription (despite the fact that it is written in an often-indecipherable doctor's hand) is inspiring. His exposure of the vengeful and xenophobic nature of the intimate community is exact and damning. His critique of middling, middle-class individualism seems pretty well unanswerable. Yet finally his book turns out to be sad, wise and conservative. If it began as an investigation of why American society should be so resistant to all attempts at radicalisation, the answers it provides can hardly bring much joy to the hearts of the radicals. Indeed, the sheer weight of the documentation which Sennett piles up to support his argument is very nearly answer enough. In the case of a fall as far and heavy as this one, grace is the traditional – and perhaps the only – method of salvation.

Peter Wilby

Teach Yourself

The Countesthorpe Experience edited by John Watts Allen & Unwin £2.50

The Unbowed Head by R. F. MACKENZIE
Edinburgh University Students Publications Board 95p

Countesthorpe College, a comprehensive for 14 to 18-year-olds, is the trendiest state school in England. It makes A. S. Neill look about as progressive as Mr M'Choakumchild. There are no rules and no punishments. Pupils and teachers are firmly on Christian-name terms. The headmaster is just a chief executive, responsible to elected committees of teachers. Ultimate sovereignty rests with the Moot, in which teachers, students, parents and caretakers all have a vote. There are no classes, subjects and timetables in the orthodox sense. The school is divided into 'teams' of teachers and pupils which deal with the core subjects of English, maths and social studies, and are responsible for both pastoral and academic wel-

fare. The children venture outside the team when they feel like taking specialist options, such as modern languages or science. Nobody at Countesthorpe is compelled to do anything, except perhaps the headmaster. Each pupil, in effect, negotiates his own curriculum with his team tutor. Finally, Countesthorpe is a community school, whose resources are open to people of any age at any time of day. Young mothers, who leave their children in a crèche, attend adult education classes while pupils are studying for O-levels.

All this in Leicestershire, a county that seems unlikely to have an unusual concentration of progressive thinkers in its population. A minority of local parents, backed by the shrill High Tory voice of the *Leicester Mercury*, has complained that the school condones vandalism, pornography, drugs and truancy. The school has survived, just.

This ragbag of a book, edited by the head, does Countesthorpe scant justice. 'These particular articles are presented because they are available for reprinting,' says the introduction to one section with disarming candour. Mr Watts applies the same liberal principles to editorship as he does to headmastership. The important issues raised by Countesthorpe have to struggle through the riot of misprints.

It's clear that Countesthorpe, through its teams, has discovered an ingenious technique which manages to defeat both the impersonality of the large comprehensive and the tyranny of the academic subject. In theory, the team can define what each individual student ought to learn (rather than what the subject says he ought to learn), deal with the basic stuff itself (English and maths) and send the student off to the specialist for supplementary skills. The doubt is whether, in practice, Countesthorpe teachers can swallow their liberalism enough to make an adequate contribution to defining the programme.

On balance, it seems unlikely that Countesthorpe has done its pupils any harm. The leavers all get jobs, and the exam results are at least as good as those of comparable local schools. And, by experimenting so boldly, Countesthorpe has made a priceless contribution to the development of secondary education.

Is it right, though, to use the parents and children of one neighbourhood as reluctant guinea-pigs? The community got into Countesthorpe only after it had already been planned, designed and staffed as an experimental school. Mr Mackenzie's book illustrates the dangers of any other approach. Already nationally famous, through his books and through his work in previous schools, for his progressive ideas on education, Mackenzie was appointed head of Summerhill Academy, Aberdeen (no relation to Neill's establishment), in 1969. He inherited a fairly traditional school and a predominantly traditional staff. Where Leicestershire education committee had invested money and prestige in Countesthorpe and, therefore, had to stick by it when the going was tough, Aberdeen education committee deserted Mackenzie at the first hint of public criticism. He was not even allowed his way in appointing new staff. Six years after his appointment, a majority of

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Summerhill teachers signed a paper calling for the re-imposition of traditional discipline, including corporal punishment. The education committee ordered Mackenzie to implement that policy. He refused and, a few months before he was due to retire, was sacked.

It was a sad end to a brilliant teaching career and, understandably, Mackenzie has written a bitter account of the events. He is certainly right to denounce the archaic Scottish education system, in which academic teaching and exams are even more firmly established than in England and most teachers believe that the tawse is as indispensable as the blackboard. (Reading Mr Mackenzie is a useful antidote to the preposterous myth, sedulously propagated by Scotsmen, that Scotland has a better education system than England). But the Summerhill disaster must have been partly attributed to Mackenzie's own bizarre educational perspective. The Countesthorpe teachers may have portentous ideas, but at least they accept that their job is to teach their children something, not to turn them into saints. Mr Mackenzie, by contrast, has a decidedly apocalyptic view of education and appears to have some difficulty distinguishing his role from that of an Old Testament prophet. Fractious Aberdonian schoolchildren, Zimbabwe freedom fighters and Chilean peasants are supposed to be part of some common world movement. Mr Mackenzie rambles from Watergate to Seveso, from T. Dan Smith to alcoholism, and proclaims, in defiance of a decade of social research and educational experiment, that 'change begins in the school'.

The implication is that, unless Mr Mackenzie is restored to his position and allowed to take children skiing and peat-cutting (apparently his favourite curriculum innovations), corruption and pollution will get worse or, as he would put it, the landscape will darken and the crisis of Western civilisation deepen. It seems a fearful responsibility for teachers to carry. At least Jim Callaghan is only blaming them for imminent national bankruptcy.

Derek Mahon

Upstream

River Road to China by MILTON OSBORNE
Allen & Unwin £4.95

On a Shoestring to Coorg by DERVLA MURPHY
Murray £4.95

From earliest times Europeans have dreamed, often with the most venal motives, of penetrating China. (Imagine cornering the Chinese market in, say, disposable nappies.) The most obvious points of entry are the great ports on the East China coast – Canton, Shanghai – but in the 19th century it seemed to many speculative minds that a back door into the mysterious Empire would provide the discoverer with commercial supremacy. Britain tried, unsuccessfully, to open such a door from Burma, and France

unsuccessfully from the south. The name of the French door was the Mekong River, which rises in Tibet, flows south through the Chinese province of Yunnan, through Laos, Cambodia and Vietnam, delineating on its way the borders of Burma and Thailand, and finally reaches the sea south of Saigon. Perhaps the fact that it spent so much time flowing through French Indo-China persuaded the French it was a French river. In any case, they mounted an expedition to navigate the monster as far north as Yunnan and prepare the way for commerce with the Chinese. This was in 1867. Starting in Phnom Penh, where they were guests of the atrocious King Norodom (the heads of those who displeased him were to be seen rotting in swarms of flies on bamboo poles), they made their way upstream.

They did reach China, after many hardships; but it was clear that the Mekong wasn't a practical proposition from the commercial point of view: too many rapids. So they turned their attention instead to the Red River, which flows from above Yuan-Chiang into the Gulf of Tonkin. The Mekong expedition was distinguished by patriotic fervour and a high standard of conduct; but the Red River project was a messy business from the start. Its leader, Francis Garnier, was motivated by headstrong aggressiveness, vanity and an opportunistic arms dealer called Jean Dupuis. A series of provocative incidents roused the Vietnamese, who, aided by a force of Chinese 'Black Flag' bandits, besieged the French in their Hanoi citadel in December 1872. Garnier, leading a typically reckless sortie, was ambushed and cut to pieces by the Black Flags, and the adventure was over. 'At the end of the 1930s,' Dr Osborne says,

it still took longer to travel by river from Saigon to Luang Prabang than from Saigon to Marseilles. The golden route to China did not lie along the Mekong.

Nor up the Red River, which remained a commercial backwater: 'The riches of Yunnan proved illusory.'

A hundred years later, Dervla Murphy, author of *Full Tilt* ('Ireland to India with a bicycle'), took her five-year-old daughter Rachel, on foot and by local transport, to the Indian province of Coorg, which lies between the Malabar Coast and the Carnatic. The victim of a 'hotel complex', she stayed in huts and hostels. There are encounters with hippies (one of whom nicked her handbag and removed her money, but carefully replaced her watch) and affectionate Indian families who abducted Rachel for ten minutes' play and sent her back covered with bruises and scratches. There are 'Musings in Mysore' and in embalmed Ooty, last outpost of the Raj, where retired colonels are still sometimes visible 'to the naked eye'. She nearly starts a fight, in the men's section of a bus, with a comfortably seated husband who allows his pregnant wife to stand ('In any dispute public sympathy would be on his side'). She swims off Cape Comorin, 'the end of India', and reflects on the plaster saints erected there by the Portuguese for their Indian converts: 'If the Divine is everywhere it is in chunks of plaster and good luck to those who can find it there.' In many respects European sensibilities have definitely improved.

Julian Barnes

Bread

Agents of a Foreign Power by PETER PRINCE
Gollancz £3.80

The Bread of Those Early Years by HEINRICH BÖLL
Secker & Warburg £2.90

The Dark Tower by C. S. LEWIS
Collins £3.95

Love Made Easy by QUENTIN CRISP
Duckworth £3.95

The Wife by JUDITH BURNLEY
Heinemann £2.90

Peter Prince's wittily observant third novel opens with Seymour, a weedy, boffinish schoolboy of the Fifties, staring at the sky and trying wanly to convince himself he's in America; cars whizz by, and as he loses contact with his friend Tony's shoulder, he panics. Two points about fantasy worlds, which the novel expands and confirms, are thus neatly made: the importance of a collaborator (cf. Isherwood's *Mortmere*), and the constant threat from day-to-day reality. Seymour and Tony build their America from discs, language, and 'the Book', a high-school novel in which boys actually get to meet girls and enjoy themselves.

Mr Prince's known skills as a spry, ironic social comedian are well deployed in a ghastly YC car rally, a candles-and-gloom skiffle club, and a mean school run by a memorably vile head porter. Even better, though, is his treatment of Seymour and Tony's bolstering of their imagined continent, necessarily built on and sustained by ignorance. When their America is threatened by knowledge and facts from an earnest girl with views on the H-bomb, they dive wildly off into a clever reverse catechism of everything that Tony doesn't know. 'Incredible, isn't it?' boasts Seymour to the assembled company; but Tony modestly demurs. 'It's not so hard,' he says. 'Just a matter of keeping your head down. No papers, no radio, no TV. You'd be surprised how little you know after just a few weeks.' The two worlds finally collide in a wry, defiant ending to a fine novel.

The Bread of Those Early Years, written in 1955, is 'now published for the first time in a superbly readable version by Böll's authorised translator'. There's probably just room in that for the truth that Leila Vennewitz's spare, unmannered version is not the first translation of this novella; but libraries will not be overloaded if they are deceived into buying a second copy of this concentrated, intense tale of a washing-machine repairer's sudden, alarming passion for a trainee schoolmistress. The emotion illuminates his life, focusing for him and us his grinding work and exploiting boss, his shallow liaisons and pointless thrift. The social rage which Böll extracts from an everyday theme treated with clenched realism reminds one most, perhaps, of Fassbinder. The story's ruling, obsessive image is that of bread – fought and bargained for during the narrator's wartime boyhood, still capable of turning misery to bloated

joy during his famished postwar apprenticeship.

It's probably unfair to judge C. S. Lewis on *The Dark Tower*, most of which was rescued from an executor's bonfire. His five stories and a half-finished time-travelling novel are donnish and cerebral, with a charmless undertow of misogyny. His men are the sort of chaps whose idea of pleasure is beer and cheese in the college buttery while kicking a few ideas around with other sound chaps. The women are either whores or ideal in a literary, thin-blooded way: a stream-of-consciousness piece about a don imagining himself inside the skin of a young woman he sees as self-obsessed and lubricious is very cleanly conceived (the world changes focus and proportion according to the strength of her interest), but decidedly worrying about the man who wrote it. Fortunately, Lewis was always more of an ideas-man than a character-man, and the truncated title piece shows him putting considerable energy and ingenuity into the elaboration of non-linear time and its implications. Understandably, there's not much verve left for the prose, which is puritanically down-to-earth, as if 'style' were something like a scented handkerchief.

Lewis would certainly have disapproved of Quentin Crisp, a writer with directly opposite priorities, who enjoys syllepsis and putting an extra little tuck in a plot so that he can work in dreadful cracks like 'let sleeping-bags lie'. Much of his talent appears to have gone into his life, and it is good to have his pert autobiography *The Naked Civil Servant* back in print (Duckworth £4.95). The attraction of his first novel, which has a slightly bottom-drawer feel to it, rests mainly on the author's personality – the bright cuteness and willed inconsequentiality. The plot is a rather fatigued satire about a government institute's plan to plug Happiness, and market it at a sort of Ideal Home Exhibition; but Mr Crisp, one feels, is much more interested in writing tart dialogue for his gaggle of demi-monde characters, and fuelling his genial, aimless tale with bitchy narrative asides.

Judith Burnley's first novel has been pared down in the writing and padded out in the publishing. But once you've located it among what Quentin Crisp calls 'those blank pages with which publishers seek to make their products thick enough to be worth the price', you find that it jumps off very smartly. Married journalist Sarah slips out of breakfast and bed with her husband, shuttles round the corner for a bit more of the same only different with her lover, before bow-legging it to her desk where – would you believe it? – she's doing a series on *Marriage Today*. Her interviews with pained housewives are then intercut with the more sophisticated marital dyspepsia of her own friends, media people who sit round scrubbed-pine tables and flick generalisations at each other like bread pellets. 'Marriages work because women make them work,' suggests one tired wife; and the husbands on display are such soaks and lechers that you won't catch me disagreeing. Most men want work, then love; most women the opposite. What's the answer? Sarah ends, reasonably content, with baby, husband, lover and job. How? Well, she does have a nanny.

Film Books

John Coleman

Waiting for Godard

Personal Views: Explorations in Film by ROBIN WOOD *Gordon Fraser* £5.90

The Major Film Theories by J. DUDLEY ANDREW *Oxford* £2.50

The New Wave: Truffaut, Godard, Chabrol, Rohmer, Rivette by JAMES MONACO *Oxford* £9.95

The Ambiguous Image by ROY ARMES *Secker & Warburg* £6.50 and £4.50

The Oxford Companion to Film edited by LIZ-ANNE BAWDEN *Oxford* £10.00

Every once in a while – the unkind might propose, weekly – the reviewer of movies does well to sit back and take stock. My own disposition is unregenerately home grown, in that I tend to find film theory antipathetic if not downright foreign (as until recently most of it was), trusting rather in my reactions to the piece of art immediately before me and praying that the words will come, through which I can usefully express them. But, given that four-fifths of what we hebdomadal witnesses confront might as congenially have stayed in its cans, the job has its brutalising effects and it is salutary to be reminded via pondered critical works that there is a body of cinema deserving adult attention, even to undergo the occasional encounter with theoretical or generalising systems in the hope of provocation and refreshment. Robin Wood's pensive collection of essays is therefore doubly welcome. His *Personal Views* are precisely that and if he indulges an autobiographical strain it is to be taken as an index of a grave, tormented honesty. The book contains specific studies, of *The Scarlet Empress*, *Letter from an Unknown Woman*, *Touch of Evil*, *Ugetsu Monogatari* and *Sansho Dayu*, which are at best – on Ophuls and Mizoguchi – beautifully persuasive and enriching, as well as some scrappier matter ('Images of Childhood', for example); but the heart of his achievement lies in his several quarrels with other critics and, in particular, with the eerie theorists who write for *Screen*, a quarterly journal published by the Society for Education in Film and Television, and alarmingly hold positions of power in at least three departments of the British Film Institute.

As one might guess from his tone, Wood is also a lecturer. Returning in 1972 after a longish stint in Canada, he was temporarily at a loss:

Everyone had read books I had never heard of, in disciplines I scarcely knew existed; everyone was talking about semiology, and about 'bourgeois ideology'; everyone became gradually revealed as (more or less) a Marxist.

Mercifully, he soon rallied to join battle with these disciples of Christian Metz, whose overpowering jargon – syntagm, paradigm, diegesis, contiguity, connotative (these drawn from a couple of sentences in a be-

musings article in the current *Screen*) – will be all Greek to most, where it is not Latin. For a handy reduction of Metz's influence and sinisterly shifting stance over the past few years, impossible to outline here, anyone concerned with the continuing vitality of the cinema as an art could do worse than purchase J. Dudley Andrew's paperback, *The Major Film Theories*. Mr Andrew offers reasonably pursuable summaries of the work of Hugo Münsterberg, Rudolf Arnheim, Eisenstein, Béla Balázs, Kracauer, Bazin, Jean Mitry, the phenomenologists and, of course, Metz. Incidentally, in his introduction, he nearly sells the pass:

... there is no guarantee that film theory deepens the appreciation of film, and in fact many students claim a loss of that original unreflected pleasure which all of us once had in the movie theatre. What replaces this loss is knowledge, an understanding of how things work.

Nor, as it happens, are his concluding observations more cheering: film theory as an artificial activity is robustly compared with botany. Yes, but – one is tempted to shout – botanists don't try to make flowers, do they?

The short answer would seem to be that they do: if they are Jean-Luc Godard. This is not the ill-tempered and random crack you might think. Because if one name links, no, hauls together the apparently diverse volumes under discussion, it is that of Godard. James Monaco's *The New Wave* has quite a lot going for it. He has a pleasant breeziness of approach, opening on a charmingly imagined set-piece: the meeting of the young Rivette with the young Godard and the young Truffaut at the Avenue de Messine Cinéma-thèque Française around 1949 or 1950, with Chabrol and Rohmer also visitants and ultimately acquaintance. Throughout, Monaco manages to supply helpful and entertaining anecdotes: it is all far from the Hollywood biog manner but the background homework has been done and is well presented. Naturally I enjoy Claude Chabrol's sardonic planting of literary quotations in his films or, at least, the explanation he usually gives: to furnish the poor reviewers with something to bite on. Monaco is especially alert about Chabrol, anyway: the suspicion lurks that he admires his unabashed role as 'entertainer-film-maker'. And yet, out of 372 pages, Chabrol gets just 33.

Neither Rohmer nor Rivette fares any better. Of the first, the sound point is made that it is less his vaunted literacy that excites than the artfulness with which his unusual relish of language – courtly exchanges proceeding from what Rohmer himself describes as *l'amour par désœuvrement* (John Simon has written dismissively

of *amours de tête*, as if they were head-colds) – is given enticing visual form. Rivette is curiously admired, the inordinate length of his films justified as follows: 'There comes a point after a couple of hours of film time when we cease reacting to the logic of the film and begin to flow with it.' A few of us out here get plain bored. And further double-think surely informs the comment on *Out One*, that 'in terms of narrative structure, it is as resonant as any more pedestrian detective story which bothers to solve its mysteries': I'm rather for such 'bothering'. But, as Roy Armes in his packed, often infuriating *The Ambiguous Image* sets out to establish, the modern or modernist cinema (he uses either term as it suits him) which came to fruition in the late Fifties and the Sixties is characteristically open-ended. He covers a formidable number of film-makers and of films (Buñuel, Melville, Antonioni, Tati – excellent – Bresson, Bergman, Resnais, Robbe-Grillet, Jancsó, Pasolini, Borowczyk, Makavejev, Straub, and – *hélas* – Godard), so many, one can't help but feel, that he has the devil's own job in hanging on to a connecting thread. Robbe-Grillet's cited remark, 'a work of art contains nothing in the strictest sense of the word', is capable of almost any interpretation one cares to put on it. *That*, I suppose Mr Armes might rejoin, is exactly his argument. Only fuddy-duddies show concern for human and humane connections any more.

Actually, one is here doing *The Ambiguous Image* something of an injustice. In a work of such scope, a critic of the calibre Mr Armes showed himself to be in his invaluable *Patterns of Realism* is bound to emerge from time to time with the real stuff; and his defence of Miklós Jancsó, for that is what it amounts to, had me grudgingly prepared to concede to this artist another, more purposeful look. His analysis of Bergman's *Persona* is similarly an invitation to a reappraisal. Yet what are we to do about Godard? The question hums insistently on. Picking up Mr Monaco where we left him, we pause briefly to note his admirable and admiring annotation of Truffaut's films, notably those that belong to the Antoine Doinel cycle, where the charge of too much charm is rightly – to

my mind – rebutted. François Truffaut is awarded 90-odd pages. Godard thus has the lion's share of *The New Wave*. A mangy lion, one would have surmised, by now, after the increasingly desperate pseudo-political attacks – through cinema – on cinema's every available resource; after the failure in reciprocal dialogue of his trip with Gorin to America; after such self-evident truths as Richard Leacock's conclusion – quoted by Armes – that 'he's not the least bit interested, as I can see, in observing. To me he's essentially theatrical': this after the ill-fated *One A.M.*, never completed.

In some way, though, Godard is what the age has demanded: or some elements of it, and those apparently potent enough to make themselves heard and his fractured non-films seen and reckoned. *The Oxford Companion to Film* is an expensive enterprise. Its 3,000 entries and excellent illustrations, frame enlargements rather than

stills, indicate its compass: no fewer than 700 films receive short, separate treatment and there are first-rate explanations of technical terminology. Some of the mini-essays on national cinemas are sterling examples of intelligent compression. Misprints are there, too – '*Les Quatres Saisons*', Marco Ferreri has no entry to himself, appearing under the Spanish entry as Ferrari. And where are Charles Bronson, Burt Reynolds, Robert Shaw, Peter Cushing (Christopher Lee makes it), Michael Relph (Basil Dearden's there), Diana Dors, Gloria Grahame, Mel Brooks, Jack Oakie, John Houseman, Kenneth More, Elliott Gould, to name a few? Most dispiriting fact of all, and a fitting note on which to end in a world gone haywire: Jean-Luc Godard gets a millimetre more column-space than Jean Renoir, with eight of his films individually entered as opposed to seven of Renoir's; he is also evaluated as worth an entire column more than the native cinema of Poland.

Philip French

The Master's Voice

Our Films, Their Films by SATYAJIT RAY
Longmans Orient, New Delhi £4.00 (60 rupees)

Satyajit Ray is one of the few film-makers of whom that vexed epithet '*auteur*' can be used without exciting controversy. Since his emergence on to the world scene in 1956 with his first film, *Pathar Panchali*, he has scripted and directed his pictures as well as closely supervising the photography and editing and (latterly) also writing the music. But more than that, he belongs to an even smaller group to whom that other French label '*cinéaste*' can be applied in its fullest sense, denoting someone not only actively engaged in creating films but also conversant with the history of cinema, disinterestedly aware of what his contemporaries are doing, and deeply concerned for (and unafraid to use the term) 'film culture', meaning the whole social, aesthetic and moral ambience of the movies. In a peculiarly imperceptive review of *The Middle Man* in *Time Out* last week, Ray was criticised for 'his lack of commitment'. With his unswerving regard for honesty and human decency ('art wedded to truth must in the end have its reward'), he is among our most truly committed directors.

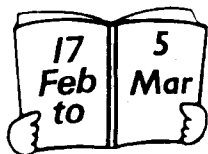
Ray's *Our Films, Their Films* is remarkable in two ways. Firstly, it is a delightful collection of essays and lectures, written over a period of 30 years with characteristic grace, modesty and insight. 'Our' films are of course the movies of India – Ray's own and those of his predecessors and contemporaries, to whom he offered the advice back in 1951 that 'the Indian film-maker must turn to life, to reality. De Sica and not DeMille, should be his ideal'. 'Their' films are the pictures from Europe, Hollywood and elsewhere in Asia. 'I should confess,' he wrote in 1963,

that my knowledge of the Far East is derived largely from Waley and Lafcadio Hearn; and that while I know my Shakespeare and my Schopenhauer, I have yet to know Murasaki and the precepts of Lao-tsu.

We are not usually addressed thus by directors. Their opinions are normally mediated to us through sycophantic interviews (the appropriately named Louis B. Mayer Oral History Project exists for this purpose) or ghosted memoirs. Unlike successful novelists and poets, writers who get their names on directors' chairs no longer feel any desire to remain in touch with the world of letters. This is often blamed on crass commercial pressure, but it is also unfortunately true of such British critics as Karel Reisz and Lindsay Anderson, in whose journal, *Sequence*, Ray published his first important piece, a charming account of Jean Renoir's visit to Calcutta in 1949 to inspect locations for *The River*.

In the Renoir article (a familiar item, having been reprinted as an appendix to Marie Seton's biography), Ray quotes his mentor as saying, 'You don't have to show many things in a film, but you have to be careful to show only the right ones.' This observation naturally applies to Ray's own work and, as is the case with the occasional writings of any artist, we eagerly relate what he says of others to his own practice. But the interest in this book goes beyond that. In the first place, the introductory essay on growing up in India with the cinema and going through the stages of movie-smitten child (seeing Chaplin, Keaton and Lloyd first time around in the Twenties), critical fan, dedicated student, would-be movie-maker and fledgling director, would engage the interest of someone who had never heard of Ray. In the second, the quality of the criticism and the speculation is of a high order, and Ray's tastes are wide and

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generous. When he compares *The Gold Rush* with *The Magic Flute* or, in a touching obituary, John Ford's work with middle-period Beethoven, he writes with the unaffected authority of a trained musician and a fellow director. When he remarks that 'one can say that in a Ford film the camera is a sensitive observer, always sure of the best viewpoint, while in Welles it is a dexterous participant, exploring all manner of viewpoints', he is talking as someone who, 200 pages before, has told us in detail what he learned about the positioning of the camera during that weekend in the early Fifties when he left his drawing board at a Calcutta advertising agency and ventured into the Bengal countryside to try directing his first movie.

In his more general observations as in his detailed evaluations, Ray writes with rare precision, and one can illustrate this with two comments that also evidence the absence of professional or national bitchiness in his writing. In a 1963 survey of the British cinema, he states with charitable concision what others have said with vague animosity:

I do not think the British are temperamentally equipped to make the best use of the movie camera. The camera forces one to face facts, to probe . . . while the British nature inclines to the opposite: to stay aloof, to cloak harsh truths with innuendoes. You cannot make great films if you suffer from constricting inhibitions of this sort.

In a recent article on younger Indian directors, he says of the overly stylised technique of Mani Kaul's *Duvidha*:

One does not have to be an all-in wrestler to prove that one is healthy; the lean ascetic can be healthy too, but only through the discipline of Yoga. Kaul's wayward, fragile asceticism has led him to the sick-bed.

In what is perhaps the most important essay in the book, 'An Indian New Wave?' (1969), Ray makes the fruits of his experience available to his younger contemporaries and explains with rare eloquence and tact the enduring importance of story-telling, professional actors and stars, craftsmanship and thorough preparation. In a single paragraph he demolishes the cult of improvisation. But Ray does not establish adamant rules for himself or others. Two years ago, for instance, he wrote, 'I believe that it is impossible to make a good film in a language one is not fluent in' and consequently he would never be making a picture in the majority Indian language, Hindi, the source of the larger budgets and the bigger audiences denied to the Bengali film-maker. That, however, is precisely what he is doing now with his latest movie, *The Chess Players*, for which he wrote the script in English and had a translator put it into Hindi. Perhaps he has reconsidered the Hollywood pictures of Renoir.

Our Films, Their Films apparently contains everything that Ray has written on the cinema. Sadly missing are two major essays on background music and on Welles's *Lady from Shanghai* as 'the first atonal film in the history of the cinema', the critical projects he abandoned along with his allegiance to advertising during his fateful 1949 passage to England. One misses those pieces the way one misses the essays on Waugh and Conrad which George Orwell set out to write that very same year.

Eric Rhode

Alibi

Fritz Lang by LOTTE H. EISNER translated by Gertrud Mander Secker & Warburg £9.75

On radio some time ago, Werner Herzog described Lotte H. Eisner as the conscience of the German cinema. He recalled how, as an adviser and administrator at the Cinémathèque Française, Eisner had tried to delineate the essential character of the German film (especially during its first silent flowering). She had kept alive the spirit of this craft throughout the bleak years; and the younger generation of German film-makers have looked to her for inspiration.

To meet her – she is warm-hearted, frail, sibylline, humorous – is to recognise why she should be so admired. One notes, too, that her writing mirrors romantic excess so well that it can easily arouse a similar idolatry; though Eisner herself would want none of that. She is as much repelled by the demonic side to German Romanticism as she is immersed in it, and she gives free rein to a fine sense of irony. Or at least that would be one reading of *The Haunted Screen*, the book which consolidated her reputation.

A similar kind of conflict underlay her portrait of *Murnau*, in which she assembled evidence, interviews and a commentary dossier-fashion: a technique that heightened by contrast any perception we might have had of Murnau's lyricism. And now she applies the same dryish technique to the subject of her most recent project, *Fritz Lang*, though for different reasons perhaps. Lang was still alive when she was writing the book, and his quizzical intelligence haunts its pages. It helps to know that he vetted the manuscript chapter by chapter.

At the time when I met him, shortly before the end of his long life, Lang had put his heart into politics: he really was lost in the pain of the world. I remember him on the evening of the Kent University shootings at his home in Beverley Hills – almost blind, his nose to the television screen during the newscasts, abruptly switching from station to station and cursing as the image of the President, like some ubiquitous Dr Mabuse, kept swimming into view.

He was a very different man now, he maintained, from the Olympian Lang of the Twenties. At the same time, he insisted on the unity of his career: there had been little change in attitudes, intentions or styles after his leaving Germany; and circumstances could account for most of these changes. You might have thought he had always been a Brechtian.

But why this misleading picture? Because Lang, I suspect, wanted to see his past as coherent. Also, he wanted to avoid Siegfried Kracauer's hurtful proposal in *From Caligari to Hitler* that his movies had contributed to the Nazi rise to power: after all, had not Goebbels invited him to take over the German film industry? Lang ap-

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Edited by Liz-Anne Bawden

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Oxford University Press

pears to have been knocked down by Kracauer's unfairness; and if he took up the challenge, he did so indirectly. One way was to pour scorn on German Romanticism, as though no man of sense, such as himself, could ever have taken it seriously. For instance, he used to say that he had wanted to film *Die Nibelungen* to show up Siegfried (not Kracauer, the other one) as a mutt. In regard to Expressionism, he once said, 'I asked Lotte the \$64,000 question: what is Expressionism? And she could not answer!'

So Lotte decided to respect Lang's wishes, and in doing so fudged the Romanticist issue. She may have been right to take this course. The salient virtue of her portrait is that it has a semi-biographical ring of authority. This is how Lang saw himself. Besides which, Eisner gives us some irresistible quotations from contemporary newspapers, letters, etc., and for her own part some sharp aesthetic insights. It seems to me a pity, however, that she does not question the foundations on which Kracauer's thesis stands: namely, that movies of their nature have some social or political significance. In accepting this position rigorously, Eisner finds herself step by step moved into the position of having to insist that Lang throughout his working life was (incredibly) a documentarist.

Now Lang did often dig up his subject matter in newspapers, but then so did Dostoevsky; and it is true that in describing magical or fantastic events he usually aimed for a surface verisimilitude – but then so

did Méliès. All of which had nothing to do with documentary. Moreover (to give one example), to see *Dr Mabuse the Gambler* primarily as satire on a decadent society is to underplay its almost abstract, architectural juggling with cinematic and literary ideas. Lang tended to use his city settings as a gymnasium for the exercise of aesthetic feelings concerning the nature of space, weight and physical transformation. It may be a flaw in this brilliance that there appears to be a split between Lang's interest in the microscopic and his heavy-handed generalisations about inexorable Fate.

Eisner is liable to be as impersonal in her writing as she imagines Lang to have been in his filming. But she does spill one biographical bean. It seems that Lang's first wife committed suicide after finding him in bed with the Nazi-to-be Thea von Harbou. Lang was booked for murder, but was then released. For the rest of his life he kept a diary in which he minutely recorded each day's events in case he was again called on for an alibi. Here, with detective, criminal and author rolled into one, may be the genesis for 'M'.

In *The Haunted Screen*, Eisner lets us glimpse her justifiable loathing and mockery of Von Harbou. In the present book, she goes out of her way to be generous – while leaving us with the uneasy feeling that Von Harbou's influence over Lang and his screenplays awaits a fuller assessment elsewhere. As it is, you may find debatable the claim that we should ignore all of Lang's pronouncements made before 1948, on the hypothetical grounds that most of them were brewed up by Von Harbou or studio hacks: an opinion that Eisner waives when under pressure. One senses here two conflicting ideologies (let us call them the Wagnerian and the Brechtian), and the possibility that the truth may be tentatively located somewhere in between. What is certain, though, is the fact that anyone interested in this field will have to look at Eisner's *Fritz Lang*: it is not so much a commentary on German film history as a very part of that history.

art form, the movies. My own primordial memory is of seeing a bio-pic of Beethoven, in the Museum of Modern Art at, I suppose, almost the same time as Baldwin saw the minatory Miss Crawford. I carry an indelible picture of the leonine hero raging in the midst of a thunderstorm he was too deaf to hear: the artist as impotent genius. Baldwin's impotence is of a more trenchant kind, that of the black man, of rare sensibilities, bearing hypnotised witness to the degradation and distortion of black life.

To take the movies as a source for instances of wilful bad faith is hardly a case of tendentiousness. As luck would have it, I read this book while flying 'over the pole' (it seems to creep ever southwards) on the way to Los Angeles, the city of cinematic angels. 'Think of the movie, good or bad, as two hours or a thousand miles,' said the Captain, giving us TWA's rate of aesthetic exchange. In section C, the movie was a self-congratulatory assembly of old footage calculated to celebrate 200 years of American history as seen by Hollywood. (We saw the West won, but not the East lost.) The selection was 'realistic' enough to include the Joad family leaving the dust bowl for California, but there was no sign of Strange Fruit. There may have been a few blacks, but I do not remember them: the offensive stereotypes having been tactfully deleted, there was not much left to include, I dare say. *The Birth Of a Nation* was represented by a homecoming, but it is left to Baldwin to point out the systematic libel at the heart of that work, in which the causes of the Civil War are boiled down to the uppity mulattos and their ambitious intrigues. (How awkward it is that so monstrous a work should also provide the basis of most of the techniques – close-up, montage – on which the cinema continues to thrive: the standing refutation of the Sartrean idea that there can be no Art from the Right!)

A preacher may take his text where he pleases, but there are times here when Hollywood's falsenesses – even in such well-meaning pieces as *In The Heat Of The Night*, *The Defiant Ones* and *Guess Who's Coming To Dinner* – are assumed to be more deliberate than they are likely to have been. There is only one thing which Hollywood tries to do on purpose and that is to make money. Baldwin has worked there only once, for the company on whose machine I am actually typing at this moment, and he could not, as he put it elsewhere, 'hack it'. His work was rewritten behind him by a pandering 'professional' and he quit the Studio with the film, a biography of Malcolm X, who had recently been assassinated, left unfinished and, I believe, unproduced. The distortion of his script, cheapened and melodramatised by his collaborator, was not, of course, necessarily the result of racist bias: a studio will gladly distort Bugs Bunny if they think the people would like it to be different. An executive told me last week that they had been running some audience research and had come up with some surprising information: the audience wanted movies about 'people'. They were weary of earthquakes and shootouts and they wanted something 'real'. Come back truth, until we hear otherwise from the marketing guys. The TV suc-

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Frederic Raphael

The Defiant One

The Devil Finds Work by JAMES BALDWIN
Michael Joseph £3.95

Whatever James Baldwin's hands are, they are certainly not idle. The eloquence of his prose, its feverish urgency, is informed with the force of his whole remarkable personality, from which the gestures of the orator and of the preacher cannot be divorced. *The Devil Finds Work* is a sermon with a celluloid text, as it were. It starts with a memory of Joan Crawford in *Dance, Fools, Dance*: 'I was aware that she was a white lady.' For the black American, even *kitsch* (perhaps particularly *kitsch*) carries menace, for *kitsch* is the standard product of the essential American

cess of the moment is a huge serial called *Roots* which covers five generations of a black family and its experience of America. I daresay that it is as venal as *Starsky and Hutch*, or that its spin-offs will soon learn to be, but for the moment black is not only beautiful but commercial too. I doubt if Baldwin will have been very moved by this.

I am not sure that he will ever be satisfied. He is so full of pity and terror that it would need a tragic medium more noble, more generally honoured than anything contemporary culture can provide to purge him of them. Baldwin has been one of the few essential novelists of our time and one cannot but regret the impatience which has driven him to the kind of free-associational *prose libre* he delivers here. In a short compass there are some fine passages, especially those dealing with his abiding sense of horror at what white America meant (and means) to do with and to the blacks, but there are also stretches of pseudo-academese that smack of makeweight. He is convinced, I think, that the West is lost, that the white man and his culture are doomed, and deservedly. Faith in God has perished, the hope of hellfire remains.

One cannot accuse Baldwin of being 'unreasonable' (reason too having served as the napalm of white intellectual bombers), but the irony of his position is that only in art can he make a statement of the profundity and the complexity to which his wounding capacity to see both sides has given him the key. Yet it seems that he now flinches from the full use of his art, the art of the novel. Is it because in order to use his gifts as he knows they should be used he will be obliged to re-open negotiations with the white culture which, for better or worse, has appropriated and dominates the language he can use so well? Language compels the scrupulous artist to tolerance. To be true to his talent, Baldwin must resume the redeeming work of honouring specificity; true to his anger, he must remain in a world of generalising denunciation, a Jeremiah without a temple. Is it hoping too much to think that the Joan Crawford in him must come to terms with the raging Beethoven, on whom nature played cruel tricks but, as I remember it, who went on playing just the same?

David Wilson

True Stories

The Men Who Made the Movies by RICHARD SCHICKEL *Hamish Hamilton* £5.95

Hollywood Directors 1914-1940 by RICHARD KOSZARSKI *Oxford* £9.50 and £2.50

Trust the movie, not the maker. Film directors, especially those who have practised the craft in Hollywood, are notoriously unreliable guides to their own work. Memory skips and embellishes, and the anecdote is generally preferred to the analysis. Hitchcock can always be relied on to tell his story of how as a small boy he was

locked up in a police cell (though of all veteran Hollywood directors it is Hitchcock perhaps, in his maddening but intriguing book-length interview with François Truffaut, who has got closest to explaining his motives and his methods). Finding a new source of interest – and of income – in their old movies, yesterday's film-makers are now tramping the American campus circuit with their reminiscences, not a few of them mildly bemused by the adulation of student audiences who latch on to their every word.

Increasingly, these words are being assembled between hard covers. Richard Schickel's *The Men Who Made the Movies* is a collection of interviews with eight Hollywood veterans which the author made for an American television company; they have since been screened on BBC-2, and more recently at the National Film Theatre. Schickel's introduction, by turns faintly apologetic and mildly polemical, offers a persuasive corrective to the widely promoted notion that these men were compromised and corrupted by the movie moguls. If the Harry Cohns and the Louis B. Mayers had a reputation for celluloid banditry, this was largely the fault of those 'bitterly gossiping literary gentlemen' and 'politicised hacks' with axes to grind. Scott Fitzgerald, it appears, got it wrong about these tycoons. It is a view which hardly squares with some impeccably documented facts, such as the blacklist and the Hollywood Ten. But as Schickel says, the directors he talked to had neither the time nor the temperament to indulge in 'abstract thought about what they were doing and why they were doing it'. He prefers to see them as they see themselves: as pragmatists and craftsmen whose collective memory expresses something of the spirit of an older America.

Not all the subjects fit this comfortable mould. Hitchcock, for one, whose quintessential English temperament has triumphantly survived his nearly 40 years in the Californian sun ('The English for some reason seem to have more bizarre murders than any other country,' he twinkles, recalling with relish a case in which a one-armed woman sued another with one leg 'for the alienation of her husband's affections'). Or Frank Capra, who certainly knew what he was doing when he sent Mr Smith up to Washington to filibuster for the nation's little men. But even with Capra, whose interview is in many ways the most revealing in the book (though of himself

rather than his films), anecdote will out. James Stewart, he recalls, had his throat sprayed with 'a vile mercury liquid' to make his voice grate persuasively during his marathon Senate speech.

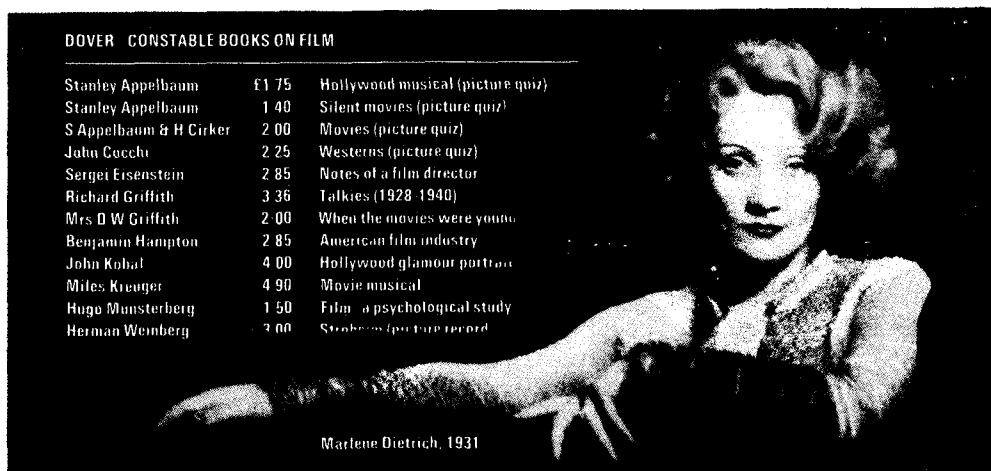
Interestingly, the directors least disposed to articulate their reasons make the best reading (on television, of course, the spaces between the words were occupied by film clips). Schickel gets little from Vincente Minnelli – 'unfaintly polite and totally impenetrable'; not much more from George Cukor, whose style is one of concealment; and almost nothing at all from Hitchcock, who inimitably rehearses his familiar ploys for fending off interviewers ('If I may digress while we're on the subject of head removing . . .') and duly obliges with his childhood horror story. Raoul Walsh, on the other hand, is a vigorous *raconteur*. He reveals, among other entertainments, that silent film audiences quickly learned to lip-read the obscenities hurled across the set by the actors in *What Price Glory?*, which consequently made a fortune. Walsh has no truck with analysis: 'I believed it was a motion picture, so I moved it.' Nor, it seems, with art: a bull with a camera strapped to its back for a toreador scene did not take kindly to the indignity and 'that was the last of my artistic shots'. Howard Hawks is similarly brisk, like the laconic professionals of his movies. And the late William Wellman unleashes a torrent of tales, including the revelation that Tarzan's chimpanzee friend was trained to spit at people whom Johnny Weismuller didn't like.

The conversationalists, all action directors, win hands down over the conscious stylists. There's a lesson here perhaps for the burgeoning ranks of interviewers hot-footing it with their tape-recorders round the Hollywood hills. As François Truffaut, himself no mean interviewer, says in his foreword to Richard Koszarski's book, 'All the secrets of the cinema lie there, in what happens in the mind of the director between action and cut.' Some of these secrets are revealed in *Hollywood Directors*, a compendium of squibs, notes and articles by 50 film-makers which Koszarski has culled from magazines ranging from *McCall's* to the *Ladies' Home Journal*.

The period covered is Hollywood's golden age, from *The Birth of a Nation* to the year when Orson Welles flew out west from Broadway to deliver the shock of *Citizen Kane*, the pieces from the pioneering Alice

DOVER CONSTABLE BOOKS ON FILM

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Marlene Dietrich, 1931

Guy-Blanché (on 'Woman's Place in Photoplay Production') to master of montage Slavko Vorkapich on the aesthetics of cinematography ('Motion is energy visualised, therefore motion is a symbol of life itself. Immobility is death'). Buster Keaton reveals why he never smiled, John Ford muses, Murnau predicts, Von Stroheim ponders 'the seamy side of directing' (by which he means money). Technical explication rubs shoulders with studio gossip. A lively parody by William DeMille, brother of Cecil B., tells of a national popularity poll between Popeye and Mickey Mouse in which schoolchildren gave Popeye a marginal victory: 'This is amazing and revolu-

tionary,' says DeMille, mockingly predicting a swing to fascism among junior cartoon watchers. 'It is saddening to see Popeye, like a Hun from the north, threatening the more cultured supremacy of Mickey, Minnie, and the intelligent and devoted Pluto.'

Not all the pieces are from the horse's mouth; some have the authentic ring of the front-office hack. But the advantage of Koszarski over Schickel is that his are contemporary reflections from the front line, not war memoirs clouded by nostalgia. They are ephemera, and therefore to be trusted. Koszarski's anthology is not for sustained reading, but it can be profitably dipped into after the late-night movie.

Alexander Walker

Stardust

Doris Day: Her Own Story by A. E. HOTCHNER
W. H. Allen £4.95

Scarlett, Rhett and a Cast of Thousands by
ROLAND FLAMINI *Deutsch* £4.95

The Great Garbo by ROBERT PAYNE W. H.
Allen £4.95

Film books today have swamped the market for nostalgia. I've noticed, though, that as far as biographies of film people are concerned, the real reek is of necrophilia, of bodies exhumed from the closet if the subject isn't yet in the grave, and the sweet smell of scandal occupying the pages of lives that had once been perfumed by success. The movies offer rich pickings for this kind of voyeuristic exercise, having in large measure just that sort of appeal themselves. But here at least are three books on a certain old-fashioned sort of glamour that reveal the scars under the real tinsel but don't gloat over them.

A life of Doris Day is maybe not *cinéma-thèque* material: and yet I don't know. Her long-time patent on the role of the screen's professional virgin was a valuable one to films like *Pillow Talk* and *Lover Come Back*. It allowed those comedy writers who were using their analysts' couches as work-benches to apply what they'd learnt there to the pre-sensate American society of the Fifties and so widen the boundaries of the Hollywood sex-comedy into the area of social satire. I never underrated the professionalism of the girl of whom someone said: 'I knew her before she was a virgin.' Who that was (Harry Kurnitz, perhaps) is something that A. E. Hotchner's book not surprisingly fails to mention. Otherwise, it's callous in its

inclusion of much that is painful and surprising. Using her words, his own words, and her friends' interpolated perspectives on Day herself, her marriages and her career, Hotchner reveals the essentially exploitative nature of the system called stardom.

There she was, outwardly the Goody Two Shoes of the movies, a health nut who pedalled her bike round Beverly Hills, voted Christian Scientist, shunned the contaminating fall-out of Press interviews and scorned personal adornment with the thought of how many shelters for stray dogs a Harry Winston rock could buy. The truth was a different kind of script altogether. Two of her husbands were sadists and one was worse – an embezzler. Whenever he made a film deal for her, he used to rip-off a 50,000-dollar *pourboire* for himself. He told her that her \$20m. life savings had been so well invested by him in gushing oil wells, fecund cattle herds and overbooked hotels that, when the divorce talk began, they couldn't split the goods satisfactorily enough to afford to part.

Talk, idle talk. He left her with a half-million in debts, dry wells, barren cattle, mortgaged hotels – and, a worse blow than anything, a commitment to do the TV shows she'd always said no to. After his death, she even found two pilot TV scripts in his safe – but nothing else. It needed all Mary Baker Eddy's inspiration to get back to solvency. Hotchner's book is unfortunately too much of a personal close-up to take in the wider and more significant view of the society that abetted this guileless virgin's financial rape, the producers, the agents, the lawyers, the publicists who fed her ego while they picked her bones. But its cumulative detail is impressive.

So, too, is that in Roland Flamini's *Scarlett, Rhett and a Cast of Thousands*. A staff writer on *Time*, Flamini has the 'house' flair for welding well-researched material into a highly readable chronicle. His subject is the making of *Gone With the Wind* and the *grandeurs et misères* incorporated in its power politics. For such a full-blown piece of romanticism as *GWTW*,

everyone had a peculiarly wretched time on it. Gable thought his own sexist supremacy endangered by a 'woman's director' like Cukor, and had him removed. Vivien Leigh and Olivier, who were then married but not to each other, were deliberately separated by arranging a play that took him to the East Coast lest the Hollywood moralists' talk should harm the film's box-office. Selznick was forced to divest himself of half the profits before the film was even made simply in order to get the loan of Gable from MGM. Indeed Flamini does some much-needed adjustment to movie legend by showing how the year-long hunt for an actress to play Scarlett O'Hara was simply a cover-up for the delaying tactics Selznick had to adopt till his distribution contract with United Artists ran out and allowed him to deal with MGM for the services of Gable. You don't go far wrong in writing Hollywood's history if you 'follow the money'. Flamini does – and also the manic types who chased it, particularly Selznick, who literally expired from elephantiasis of the creative ego in the post-*Wind* years. Fans of Butterfly McQueen, the little black girl who played the squeaky-voiced maid, Prissy, will warm to Flamini's picture of her spunky distaste for her 'nigger' role – as well as her surprising degree of New York sophistication, which had not only eradicated her Deep South accent but also given her a liking for the centre-page spreads and bachelor living of *Esquire* magazine, which she read between takes – 'I like to look at the filthy pictures,' she squeaked.

'Scandinavian type, dowdy, inexperienced.' One's cynical outlook always brightens retrospectively at such colossal misjudgments as this one, made on Greta Garbo on her arrival in Hollywood in the mid-Twenties. Robert Payne's shortish biography, *The Great Garbo*, explores the lady's ambiguities and paradoxes with much more attention than is usual in such books to where the real truth – the *only* truth – exists, which is in her screen performances. 'Her body,' he writes, 'scarcely existed for audiences. . . . She existed as a face and a presence.' I found it good to be reminded of her greatness after the kiss-and-tell teasing that the Beaton *Diaries* went in for. That Garbo was (is) a tease as far as men and movies are (were) concerned, I don't doubt; but she got and maintained her power through really not caring. Hers was the triumph of the apathetic will, the conquering reflex of the woman who could take it or leave it. In the late Forties they offered her the leading roles in *The Paradine Case* and *I Remember Mama*. The only reply from Garbo, sent by telegram, was: 'No murderesses, no mamas.'

Among this week's contributors:

DAVID WILSON is Associate Editor of *Sight and Sound*.

ALEXANDER WALKER's new book, *Double Takes: Notes and Afterthoughts on the Movies 1956-75*, is due to be published in the spring.

ERIC RHODE is the author of *A History of the Cinema: From its Origins to 1970* which was published early last year.

JONATHAN RABAN is the author of *The Society of the Poem* and *Soft City*.

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ARTS & ENTERTAINMENT

W. H. Auden

An Unpublished Early Poem

The month was April, the year
Nineteen hundred and thirty-three,
The place a philosopher's garden
In Oxford, the person me.
The weather was mild and sunny
As prophesied by Old Moore;
I fell asleep in a deck-chair
And this is what I saw.

I found myself a seagull
Looking down on the wide blue ocean;
Directly below was a ship
Evidently in motion.
I didn't have to be told
That she was looking for land,
But her steering was so peculiar
I couldn't quite understand.

So down there flew yours truly
To get a closer view
Of the ship and all her fittings
And to have a look at the crew.
She was flying the Union Jack,
And strike me dead if I'm a liar,
The name painted on her bows
Was *Wystan Auden Esquire*.

Nobody took any notice
As I circled and perched on the deck;
I can recommend my disguise
To any young amateur tec.
Surprises were waiting for me
In what I saw and heard;
I'd better tell the whole story,
Beginning with the people on board.

The captain was pacing the bridge
Like a polar bear in a cage;
I was startled to find him a woman
Of rather uncertain age.
Her bottle-green mac was too big
For she was as thin as a biscuit;
She was wearing waders and carried
On her shoulder an old-fashioned musket.

Just then the first mate came up
Bringing her a cup of tea;
He was rather bald and bow-legged
And his trousers bagged at the knee.
As he bent to put down the tray
I noticed his broad behind,
But his manner was very gentle
And his mouth and eyes were kind.

'Six bells, my dear', he said,
'Won't you let me take a turn?'
But she barked 'Once is enough
And it cost us much to learn.
Coming out of the harbour mouth
We gave you the ship to steer;
You ran in straight at the breakwater;
You'd have sunk her if I'd not been there.

'Fetch me the chart, if you please
That's hanging there on the wall.'

As he laid it out I flitted
To where I could see it all.
The course of the ship was plotted
Across it in a perfect straight line;
There were plenty of notes in the margin
But of land there wasn't a sign.

The captain put on sunglasses
And studied the chart a lot;
She measured the course with a ruler
And with a pencil marked a dot.
Then she turned to the mate and said
'Go and call the crew together,
The meaning of the chart is clear:
There's going to be stormy weather.

'O and go tell the wireless
Operator I'd like a word.'
He disappeared down a hatchway
And presently I heard
A light step quickly approaching
And a voice saying 'Evening, miss.'
The captain picked up a paper
And cried 'What nonsense is this?

'What do you mean by stating
You received a message last night
From a ship three miles to the west
Saying everything was quite all right?
All right, indeed! Look here –
In her position the chart marks a reef.
If you're getting disloyal, my friend,
You'll very soon come to grief.

'I want the truth remember.'
The young man said with a grin,
Looking at his shark-skin shoes,
'I must have been taken in.'
'Well, be more careful next time,
Now go and join the crew.'
They were gathered on the lower deck,
I had a splendid view.

There was the engineer and the stoker,
The cabin boy and the cook,
The mate and the wireless man;
The passengers were the Duke
And – busy doing cat's cradles –
The one they all called the Professor.
Except for him they looked up
At the captain and began to address her.

The engineer who was wiping
His hands on some waste looked cross:
'O can't you cut this cackle?
My engines need me, boss.'
The stoker, who'd only one eye,
Glared at the company and swore,
'If anyone's looking for trouble
'I'll sock his bloody jaw.'

The cook was clasping his hands
Across a mountainous belly:
'Where did that sandwich go to?'
He sang, and shook like a jelly.

The cabin boy threw me a fish head
And gave me a meaning wink,
The Duke put his arm round his shoulder,
Said, 'A lovely creature, I think.'

The captain shouted 'Silence!
I brought you here to inform
You all that the course of the ship
Is about to enter a storm.'
(The Professor went on muttering,
'I was right: at Position A
Navaho index strings –
Yes, this must be the way.')

'I would remind you we are sailing
To the Islands of Milk and Honey
Where there's neither death nor old age
And the poor have all the money.
The wells are full of wine,
New bread grows on the trees,
And roasted pigs run about
Crying "Eat me, if you please."

'So if it's a little rough
It's well worth while, you see.'
(The cook cried, licking his lips,
'It sounds all right to me.'
The Duke pinched the cabin boy's ear,
'It'll be amusing', there with you.'
The engineer said 'I'm going,
I've got some work to do.')

'The sky is already darker,
Everyone to their stations;
Until the storm is over
You'll have to go without rations.'
The cook's face fell, the stoker
Spat into the sea,
The mate said 'I'll go below
And make them all cups of tea.'

The wireless operator
Now comes to the captain and says
'Excuse me, Ma'am, but you know
I've received some messages
Which suggest that there's calmer water
If we steer our course to the east.
Of course it's not perfectly certain
But we ought to try it at least.

'The ship's not as young as she was
And it's getting very rough;
You surely don't want to sink her.'
But the captain shouted 'Enough!
Liar, reformist, traitor,
You've the impudence to start
Insulting our ship, and worse,
Contradicting the chart.'

She signed to the stoker, who conked him
One on the nut with a spanner,
And dragged him away to the hold
Like a small child trailing a banner.
The lightning flashed, the thunder
Roared and the hailstorm caught us.

Waterspouts rushed like skaters
Upon the face of the waters.

The Professor, quite forgotten,
Was sitting still on the deck
Holding his string above him
For the water was up to his neck.
Except for him and the captain
There was no one to be found;
The engineer was below
Watching his wheels go round.

The cook had gone to his galley

And locked himself in alone;
He was evidently being seasick
For I could hear him moan.
The mate with a spirit stove
Was keeping a kettle hot;
The Duke and the boy had retired
To do – well, you know what.

Alone on her bridge the captain,
While the gale whirled shriller and colder,
Was eating the chart, and now
Took the musket from her shoulder,

Loaded it and began to fire
Wildly at sky and sea,
Then suddenly she turned round
And levelled it straight at me.

'Saboteur, spy', she hissed,
'I've got you.' The musket spoke.
There was a sudden flash,
A roar in my ears, and I woke.
The book I was reading had fallen,
Someone was calling me.
I got up, and on the verandah
The table was laid for tea.

This poem will appear in The English Auden, edited by Edward Mendelson, to be published next autumn by Faber.

Theatre

Benedict Nightingale

Eastern Promise

Audience and Private View *Orange Tree*
Uncle Vanya *Royal Exchange, Manchester*
The Silver Tassie *Stratford East*

Life is clearly pretty rough just now for those Czechs who find it difficult to trim their principles to suit the regime's code of conduct. My morning paper has published yet another list of one-time academics and journalists fired from already menial jobs for signing Charter 77 and, it seems, likely to be prosecuted for the crime of being unemployed; and hardly a day passes without some mention of Vaclav Havel, languishing in gaol because he dared speak up for that discreet and cautious manifesto. It's an indication of the insularity of the British stage that we've had to wait for his public disgrace before seeing work that clearly deserved attention all along, and a judgment on more celebrated and solidly-subsidised theatres that it should be presented on the upper floor of a pub in Richmond. But there it is, a double-bill now and a full-length play promised next month, and very well worth the trip westwards on the District Line the first of these proves to be. You leave with a much clearer idea of what it's like to be a dissident in Czechoslovakia, not perhaps at moments of open conflict and crisis, like now, but at humdrum and therefore more characteristic times, when nothing must seem to change except the owners of the fingers fiddling with your mail.

The protagonist of both plays at the Orange Tree is one Ferdinand Vanek, a banned dramatist obliged to lug about beer-barrels for a living, precisely Havel's own predicament until recently. *Audience* confronts him with the head maltster, a tun of sweaty flesh with much on his mind. He would like to be fair to Vanek. Equally, he must avoid upsetting the local thought-police, who expect him to keep their files plied with incriminating revelations. Pint after pint of state beer disappears into his ample maw as he swaggers, blusters, threatens, bribes and finally weeps an erratic path to the point he wishes to make.

Would Vanek kindly spy upon himself? As he explains, 'who knows better than you the sort of things they want to know about you?'. At this the dramatist primly demurs, explaining it would be against his principles; and it's here that the play's quality is most clearly to be seen. Up to now we've mainly sympathised with Vanek's efforts to humour what is, in Bill Wallis's performance, little more than an ebullient caricature. But now we're shown the sanctimony of the man of principle, and the desperation of the supposed slob. *He* isn't an intellectual, a 'dissident', a theme for international do-gooders. If he and his family sink, nothing more will be heard of them.

Private View also involves those who wish to remain at peace with the regime, but this time they are members of a comfy elite and get no sympathy from Havel at all. 'That thing there, it looks like a confessional,' remarks Gordon Reid's mild-mannered Vanek, and back comes the reply from his prosperous friend, again played by Bill Wallis: 'It is a confessional.' The house is, it seems, full of eccentric antiques and spicy smells. He collects, his wife cooks. Both see the end-all of their responsibility as each other and an embarrassingly fussed-over tot, and both think that Vanek would be happier if he, too, consigned himself to domesticity. 'It's kindly meant, you're our best friend,' they chirrup in chorus whenever he shows signs of resisting their persuasion, and only at the end does their true resentment break through the moral blackmail: 'You're an egoist – traitor, traitor, go away!' If Havel had found some excuses for this smug and spoiled couple, this would no doubt be a better, more rounded play; but his spirit is more vengeful and satirical than it was in *Audience* – and which of us would presume to blame him? Of the many pressures to conform that a rebellious East European faces, few can be more hurtful than that which comes from people he's liked, trusted, eaten with and told his life-secrets to. Rampaging maltsters and goons in uniform must seem a lot less insidious.

The Czech stage must be an empty place these days, with people like Havel censored out of existence and no longer a Theatre-behind-the-Gate in Prague. That was the company that brought us *The Three Sisters* a few years back, a famously flamboyant production and one I still find useful to recall when revivals of Chekhov present themselves at the bar. It showed how volatile the emotions could and should be, and how boldly they could be put

across: how a character could wrench himself from laughter to tears and back again in the time it took to fling out an arm or swivel his trunk. There are happy exceptions, such as Jonathan Miller's recent rescue of *The Three Sisters* itself; but in general our boys put on invisible pin-stripes and bowlers with their tight-lipped accents when they tool up for Chekhov. They remain snugly in the middle register of feeling and technique, and leave extremes to the imagination – or, in the case of the *Vanya* at Manchester, to the odd and suggestive sound-effects that inevitably occur in a building that's tucked inside another building. Raised voices echo against the Victorian walls of the Royal Exchange, causing an ominous rumble; and the thunderstorm, when it comes, is quite a crasher, authentic enough to send the suggestible diving for cover beneath their seats. If only it reflected a like intensity onstage!

Michael Elliott's production isn't bad. It is sensible and sensitive and, much of the time, decently acted. Leo McKern's chunky *Vanya* stumbles blearily round the stage, his thick growl becoming a sort of strangulated sob in extremis. It's a touching performance and, if he looks 10 or 15 years too raddled and white-bearded for a 47-year-old, well, that's Russian country life for you. Albert Finney's earnest *Astrov*, his eyes bulging like daffodil bulbs, slouches about to some effect, too. Here, it seems, is an outdoor spirit uncomfortably tethered inside, a trained bull who still finds the social code of the china-shop hard to observe; but his performance is tough to assess as a whole, since a quite unreasonably proportion of it consisted of brandishing a not-very-articulate back at me. That's always a danger with theatre-in-the-round, especially when it's statistically exploited, which is precisely the problem here.

A brief welcome for two transplants: Pam Gems's entertaining *Dusa*, *Fish*, *Stas* and *Vi*, now at the Mayfair and, at the Vaudeville, Stewart Parker's *Spokesong*, that attractive attempt to turn the bike into a peace-symbol, a sort of mechanical dove for war-torn Belfast. And welcome, too, to Clare Venables, who has the job of transforming Joan Littlewood's Theatre Royal into a place where you watch plays, not just spend intervals between drinks at the bar. Her production of *The Silver Tassie* is a hopeful start, at least in the liturgical second act that O'Casey set on the battlefield. But the shambling acting in the more homey, naturalistic parts of the play shows how much remains to be done.

Films

John Coleman

Great Scott!

The Last Tycoon Empire

Kings of the Road *The Gate, Notting Hill*
The Squeeze *Warner West End 2; ABC*
Bayswater; FilmCenta, Charing Cross
Road

Elia Kazan is to be congratulated on one score, and it is not the musical soup stirred by Maurice Jarre. *The Last Tycoon* (new readers begin here) was the last novel written by F. Scott Fitzgerald: he died of a heart attack the day after he had completed chapter six. This was 21 December 1940 and the book – an insider's view of the film business – was unfinished, left behind as a bothersome testament or testimony: it holds some of the best and worst of Scott Fitzgerald's prose in uneasy tension; it could have been awful or marvellous, all according as to how one cares to imagine the projected development (tucked in to the Penguin edition, along with Edmund Wilson's bolstering foreword). The eponymous hero is Monroe Stahr, a Hollywood producer of eminence conceivably erected on the premises occupied by the wonder boy, Irving Thalberg. His admired career is, with some ingenuity, transmitted through the loving, barbed consciousness of one Cecilia Brady, daughter of an unpleasant Irish film producer a crucial rung down from Stahr: she is a sparky product of Bennington, taking Hollywood for granted as an interesting mess and committed to the proposition that, once in a while, it can turn up Napoleonic men. Her intelligent crush on Stahr is the most formidable tactic deployed to make him matter to us. And matter he does, this ruthless, decent loner spending himself extravagantly in the details of his work since the death of his wife, an actress of note; the book builds him into crucial respect. Coming from a writer who had every reason to hate Hollywood (see the Pat Hobby stories of his declining years), the unqualified promotion of Stahr, where it succeeds on the page, is a fascinating achievement.

Film people have never been backward in moving tales about their game into the lime-light and Kazan, a director of flickering brilliance, would be my ideal choice not to handle the transformation of Fitzgerald's delicate, difficult fragment of a portrait (both of a man and an industry) into a movie. The event finds him getting practically everything wrong, with substantial support from such adjutants as his scriptman, Harold Pinter, his director of photography, Victor Kemper, and a cast that combines the new (Robert de Niro, who stoically plays Stahr) with the nostalgic (Ray Milland, Tony Curtis, Robert Mitchum).

My initial gratitude, probably misplaced – for the decision to keep fairly close to the original text and not to embark on the hazardous writers' union and Mafia material adumbrated in Fitzgerald's notes –

rapidly faded as a relentless reverence overtook the filmed event. Kazan seems to have set out to make a European artwork, things happen at the snail's pace of an Antonioni. Pinter was probably paid as much for his pauses as for his uttered dialogue. The fundamental problem of establishing an equivalent for Cecilia's sharp, sometimes witty narration is nowhere overcome, even if the girl acting her, Theresa Russell, is well found and performs almost overpoweringly in a lackadaisical context. Tony Curtis, let it be said, also has his moments of relishable interest as the stud-star gone twitchily impotent. But the 'discovery', Ingrid Boulting as Kathleen, the wife-surrogate Stahr falls disastrously for, is never allowed to be more than a hushing, doll-like beauty: her lines are spooned out like some prescribed placebo, blank little doses of measured unimportance. Compounding the creative felony is Kazan's inability even to produce credible pastiches of the kind of movie Stahr was presumed to be promoting: Jeanne Moreau goes for nothing as a bitch-goddess in some slow rushes, out of *Casablanca* by way of comic-strip. Buy the book and make your own home-movie.

Wim Wenders is a German director who favours a concussed approach to reality (I am thinking particularly of his *The Goalkeeper's Fear of the Penalty*). His nearly three-hour *Kings of the Road* takes us in a direction 'art' cinema may be following for a while yet, towards nothing so corny as a terminus but with 'life-like' things occurring en route. Bruno (Rudiger Vogler) lives in a big furniture pantechonicon driving along the coastal fringes of Germany, stopping every now and then to service the machinery of old cinemas. A suicidal Robert (Hanns Zischler) becomes his companion one damp day. Their extraordinary taciturnity gradually modulates into something verging on ordinary speech, their mutual wariness into a weird companionship. There is a terrific sequence involving the pair of them in a kind of shadow-play, clowning behind a screen before a restless audience of kids, and there are other benefits and bonuses of the order one might accrue during a tedious train-ride, peering into other people's windows as an alternative to going quietly

mad. I must confess that the affair grew on me and still clings in memory. The question remains: do I want it there?

Back in the quotidian world of commercial cinema, we have Michael Apted's *The Squeeze*, a very peculiar and none-too-wholesome narrative, chically fractured and unfortunately starring the formidable Stacey Keach as an alcoholic ex-Scotland-Yard officer caught up in a million-pound robbery plot. Mr Keach is an American who can do a plausible standard English accent but he drops his aitches here like clangers. One can best convey the ambience of what happens by suggesting affiliations with Nicolas Roeg's *Performance*, the Kray-ish half of it. Stephen Boyd, as a beastly Irish crook, has never done anything as powerful.

Television-1

Ian Hamilton

Rat-a-Tat

'I've been to court with good affrays and Section 18s and then the lawyers have had a little chat and I've ended up with a lot of little 47s.' Thus, in *World In Action* (Granada), an aggrieved policewoman reflecting on the ones that got away. Without knowing the difference between a virile 18 and a milksop 47, and in spite of her not looking in the least like Angie Dickinson, one couldn't help feeling a mild twinge of sympathy for the lawgirl's thankless task, and for the similar grumbles expressed by her assembled colleagues. Nobody loves us, we seem to be able to do nothing right, the old blue lamp just ain't what it used to be.

The disgruntled bobbies had been brought together to watch an American police training film which portrayed huge-bellied bull cops from the Bronx going through their daily paces, smashing down doors, waving their guns around, hauling off black maniacs and now and then pausing to ruminate

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on the role of the constabulary in over-populated urban areas: 'It ain't a popularity contest out here. Some people *need* their asses kicked.' This simplistic view brought tut-tuts from one or two of our chaps, but these dissenters tended to wear civvies and to know too many sociologists' catch-phrases. The uniformed branch spoke more convincingly about the loss of their 'mystique', about their changed attitudes (over the past year or so) to the carrying of firearms, and of their frustrations at the hands of clever lawyers.

This last topic was much on the mind of Sir Robert Mark in his *Tonight* (BBC-1) interview with Ludovic Kennedy. Described here as the 'best policeman since Robert Peel', Mark has so often been touted by the Press as 'intellectual' that I'd taken it for granted that his views were of a liberal tinge. Not so; a reformer, certainly, but the reforms he's pushing for are in the main designed to send more villains up for longer – and if a few innocents disappear into the slammer along with them, then surely that will simply serve to correct an imbalance that has been infuriating the police for years: 'It is just as much an affront to justice when a guilty man gets off as it is when an innocent man gets wrongly punished.' Well, yes, in a way, but the guilty man is very likely (especially with Sir Robert on his heels) to be given a second chance of establishing his guilt, albeit on another charge, whereas the imprisoned innocent is likely to be left to rot. And in any case, a deliberate weighting of the system towards a higher conviction-count would surely be the first step towards assuming guilt until innocence is proved. Sir Robert didn't seem too troubled at the thought of such an outcome, and is already asking that formal cautions be abolished, so as to introduce some 'spontaneity' into police interrogation ('the knowledge of the right to silence on the part of the deliberate wrong-doer conditions his response') and he would like to see all defendants called as witnesses in their own defence – if they refuse (or, one might add, mumble, blush or stutter) then the jury can 'draw its own conclusions'. Ludovic Kennedy (author of *Ten Rillington Place*) didn't seem much more worried than I am that Sir Robert is shortly to retire.

Mark will probably be best remembered for rooting out bent coppers, and for being courageously unbending in his treatment of siege events like The Spaghetti House and Balcombe Street. *Eighteen Months to Balcombe Street* (LWT) skilfully chronicled the bombing campaign that led up to the final siege; using actors to portray the villains and cobbling together a script from transcripts of confessions and court evidence, the film hovered somewhere between *Z-Cars* and straight documentary. The lively pictorialising was overdone, I thought; just because shots were fired at three London hotels, it doesn't mean that we have to sit and watch shots being fired at the Carlton – rat-at-tat – the Portman – rata-tat – and also at the Churchill. Some of the dialogue seemed a bit conjectural: 'I hope to Jasus this gun doesn't jam again tonight,' said one campaigner, and another is known for sure to have whistled *The Girl from Ipanema* as he wired together

his explosives. Still, there was something directly chilling about this insider's view that would have been hard to get at any other way; those 'madmen' may be madmen, but they have their methods.

Television—2

John Porteous

Money Talks

One word is worth a thousand pictures, quotes Galbraith in the introduction to the first of his series of programmes, *The Age of Uncertainty* (BBC-2). That proposition at least is one with which the other professors of economics who are among his sternest critics would agree. Most television directors, on the other hand, would not. Yet Galbraith, in his book of the series, which is dedicated to his director Adrian Malone, writes generously of those who made the programmes with him. There is no hint of tension between the writer and the maker of the visual image. Perhaps it would have been better if there had been.

The BBC has been criticised for giving so little time to other economists and so much to Galbraith: first the Reith lectures in 1966 and now the present 13-part series. Milton Friedman, one of the few critics of Galbraith whose opposition to him appears to be untinged by personal envy, may have hit upon the reason for the BBC's preference. Galbraith, he suggests in a recently published lecture, is not a scientist seeking explanations but, like John Stuart Mill, a missionary seeking converts to his philosophical point of view. Not everyone would see that as dispraise. The BBC, in planning a series, naturally looks to those who can expound a convincing philosophy. A 13-part series cannot be kept alive by the bread alone of scientific explanation.

It is, however, an advantage if the philosophy in question lends itself to visual expression. Political economy unfortunately does not. In fact it does not lend itself easily to any means of communication whatever. As Galbraith himself has pointed out, some of its greatest exponents have scarcely been able to express their ideas in intelligible prose, while even Keynes, at his best a writer of the clarity and sharpness of Swift, became deeply obscure in his *General Theory*. Of all the subjects of human inquiry, perhaps only theology is as truly incomprehensible as economics. All the more reason then that the viewer's attention should not be distracted by too many ingenious devices when the subject is being presented on television.

Galbraith makes an unpromising start when he takes us round the studio and, with a slightly mocking air, introduces us to the clumsy stage props and dummies and the floating jigsaw of Europe with which he will be diverting our attention from his argument as the series proceeds. Several times in each programme the direction switches abruptly between those props and

more straightforward location scenes. On location Galbraith is at home, sitting, for example, in the court room of the Bank of England to explain the function of central banks or standing on a Sutherland hillside to describe the Highland clearances. But he looks slightly lost in the fairground of money and he seems unsure how he should behave towards the dummies. He sometimes puts a tentative hand on the shoulder of this one or that, but it is never clear whether this is a gesture of sympathy for its pasteboard condition or of support for the views which the person whom it represents expressed in life.

Some scenes balance uneasily between contrivance and reality. As Galbraith expounds the relationship of man to the soil as the fundamental principle of pre-industrial economics we are shown a tableau of a harvest in East Anglia: a reaper, a woman binding sheaves and a prize Suffolk punch drawing a cart through a field which even a townsman's eye can see was sown by a mechanical drill and cut by a mechanical harvester. These false notes distract our attention from the argument. Surely somewhere, near Cracow or near Ferney, both of which the camera crew visited, there were to be found real people working in real fields who would more truly illustrate Galbraith's theme than does this insipid mixture of Millet and Constable.

Faults such as this must be laid at the charge of the director. So must the persistent though possibly deliberate anachronisms which give us, for example, the *Sacré Coeur* as a symbol of Montmartre during the Paris commune and take Marx into exile behind a *diesel of the SNCF*. Yet where the direction has threatened to unbalance the whole presentation, Galbraith, as the principal, must share the blame. It is no doubt easier to make a film in Bern or in Zurich than in Smolny or the Kremlin. So we dragged through Lenin's Swiss exile from Zimmerwald to Kienthal, our contemplation of one chalet hotel after another punctuated only by those train journeys with which the director is apparently obsessed. Then how quickly we sped from October 1917 to the New Economic Policy of 1921 the years in which Lenin's greatest work for good or ill, was done. Here our slavery to what is available as television material has grotesquely distorted the story.

Grotesquerie is not limited to this kind of distortion. There is also the treatment of the manners and morals of capitalism in the second programme. When a whole revivalist school of economists preaches the gospel of Adam Smith as if it were revealed truth, which we have only to adopt for the unseen hand of market forces to lead us at once to the best of all possible worlds, it is as well to be reminded of the excesses to which market forces, left to themselves can give rein. Galbraith himself touches or this in a telling but restrained manner in a later programme. 'As capitalism emerges' he says, 'it is characterised by an anarchic rapacity that the people of the advanced capitalist countries cannot understand.' But in the programme devoted to capitalist greed the case is overstated.

True, the knockabout between Vanderbilt and the Erie Railroad gang, with the characterisation of the two classes of rip-off

of the public (respectable – Vanderbilt) and of the shareholders (criminal – Jim Fisk) is Galbraith at his epigrammatic best. But when we are transported to Newport, Rhode Island, for the re-enactment of the dogs' dinner party and the *La Grande Bouffe* scene of gluttonous plutocrats, we turn away not so much in disgust as in disbelief. Edith Wharton in a single short story has shown up that society more effectively.

If television has somehow coarsened Galbraith's approach, this does not fortunately show in his writing. *Money: Whence it Came, Where it Went* was first published in 1975, but it is essentially a by-product of this television series and it has now been reprinted in paperback (Penguin 95p). In this book, which develops at length the ideas embodied in a single programme of the series, Galbraith is as ever a fluent and witty writer whose subtle psychological insight and deft irony are sometimes reminiscent of Anthony Powell. Here he answers those critics who clamour for him to prove his arguments with statistics by his superior understanding of men's hearts and their motives. It is in this above all that he reveals himself as a prophet rather than a scientist, and one who by an epigram can sometimes turn the blade of his severest criticisms: of the Friedmanites, for example, 'monetary radicals because they are political conservatives'. He understands the good and the harm which stem both from sound and from unsound money; and he is sceptically inclined to suspect the motives of those who recommend either system. Above all he understands with almost poetic insight the protean and elusive nature of money. The dramatic theme of the book is that when man thinks that he has grasped the nature of money and brought it under control, it is in fact about to change shape and to escape from him again.

The Age of Uncertainty (BBC and Deutsch £7.25) has a wider theme, so wide that there are bound to be whole sections with which one is broadly in sympathy but others with which one disagrees. As a historical guide Galbraith can be misleading, especially when he looks back beyond the industrial age: his reading of the Crusades, for example, as a sort of proto-colonial enterprise is at best a fashionable 20th-century half-truth, and his espousal of price control pits his own wartime experience against 2,500 years of economic history. But generally in confronting the problems of our own day Galbraith is not dogmatic. He is content to define them and to settle, with tolerant scepticism, for interim compromise solutions. He has just enough optimism to believe that humanity will find these imperfect solutions as the problems continue to come 'like waves on the beach'. But he does not venture an opinion on the state of the tide. This is, after all, the age of uncertainty.

Galbraith's views come across more clearly in his books than they do in his programmes. In John Law's house in Paris we first see Galbraith reflected in a mirror. Whether or not the mirror is intended to symbolise Law's financial techniques, the device is typical of Malone's mannered direction. Now, indeed, we see through a glass darkly. The subject is difficult enough without that added complication.

Rock Music

Richard North

To the Spine

Frank Zappa *Hammersmith, Odeon*
Darts, Burlesque and Meal Ticket *London*
University Union

The Stranglers and Chelsea *Keynes*
College, University of Kent, Canterbury

The running order above, it must be said, is not an index of praise. Mr Zappa did not deliver the exciting, the magical rock of an old master. Certainly there was good machinery, clever musicians, a committed audience. The cult hero we had come to see was content to give an impersonation of himself, to swear a lot, and to talk about assholes as though the word had formed itself that moment in some brilliant recess of his mind. By that only real test of the genre, its ability to take over some ecstatic neurological function of the spine, as though it were flowing as an improved adrenalin substitute, not much of the show worked. There was artistry in abundance (especially the soaring violin of Eddie Jobson), and some clever couplets from Zappa, but the overall effect was languid and desultory.

At the wood-pannelled theatre of London University (the spilled beer looked terribly sad on the parquet), three fancied bands from the New Wave did their more vital thing. Darts spivved efficiently, though with not enough of the bathroom sound which makes Cochran and all those ancients so lovable, but did at least bring their own Presleyfied fans to glamorise the event. Burlesque dropped much of their Latin-American and showtime spoofing: they were heavier than I've seen before. *Acupuncture*, their single, really brought on the raptures: one could have danced (and chanted) all night to it.

At about 2.15 Meal Ticket's confections were doled out. Theirs is an enormous and detailed skill of tremendous range. They matched something of Leonard Skynyrd's earth-moving power (wrung from a fraction of the gear), yet were at home in a bar song which only slowly developed thunder. This six-piece outfit mostly does rock-country, but the description does them too limited justice. They usually play longish sets (105 minutes is standard), and that is the least of what they'd need, to assert their style: we need special, comfortable and cheap venues for workmanlike people of this sort and intelligence. (At the truncated mêlée under review no one could have operated really well, let alone the tail-enders.) Meal Ticket exist almost completely outside the media-hype. A single and album are due out soon for those who prefer to let domestic equipment test the water.

The Ramones (from New York, so met only in the vinyl thus far) are the archetypal punk band, and marvellous: The Stranglers create the same, stunning,

crumpled rondos, but explore some songs with a more sophisticated progressive technique. The machine, Cobbett's great bullfrog, is reported to have invested £40,000 in this piece of the anti-capitalist rebellion, so their being abruptly foreclosed at the Rainbow recently should be seen as a ploy, whisper the cynics. Chelsea – the support at this beautifully staged gig – were worth the fare in their own right.

Of other bands heard this month, only Bandit seemed actually bad, utterly routine. Warren Harry do a richly varied set, with more than a hint of the Shadows – very evocative – among other numbers in what will probably end up labelled as the Aegean Sound. Moon play bouncy sultry stuff, in the favoured Caribbean funk vein, and showcase an extraordinary singer, an enchanted gargoyle, who does a lovely howling blues. Masque are a young Welwyn Garden City band, who play punk, and sometimes more orchestral things: their really poetic intensity is well balanced with no-nonsense rock. Graham Parker and the Rumours' Rainbow outing looks like becoming a sell out. On the strength of repeated playings of their two albums, an ardent cry: Hurry, hurry.



Tony Miles

Chess

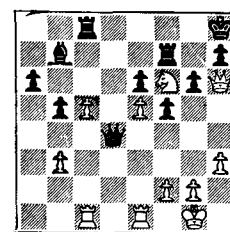
No 22

January Problems

The January problems were relatively straightforward, but, strangely, I received no completely correct set of solutions. The best entries came from (in order) J. Taylor (£15), H. Garfath (£10) and M. E. Burn (£5), with consolation prizes to Messrs. McSheehy, Brooks, Sobey and Abrahams (£2 each).

Problem 15 (8/8/8/6PP/2p1K3/7p/8/4k3 – solution: 1. K-B3, P-R7; 2. K-N2, P-B6; 3. P-N6! P-B7; 4. P-N7, P-R8=Qch; 5. K x Q, P-B8=Q; 6. P-N8=Q, K-B7ch; 7. K-R2, Q-B5ch; 8. K-R3, Q-B6ch; 9. K-R4, Q-R8ch; 10. K-N5, Q-N8ch; 11. K-R6, Q x Q stalemate) caused a surprising amount of trouble, and more than one entrant gave the correct line up to 10 . . . Q-N8ch and concluded that black wins! Incidentally, move order is of no significance, and attempts by black to win with Q + P v Q + P fail against sensible defence.

Problem 16 (see diagram) was perhaps the



most interesting. Most solvers found 1. P-B6! and the wins against 1 . . . B x P (2. R x B! R x R; 3. N x P! etc.) and 1 . . . R x P (2. N x P amongst others) but a clear line after 1 . . . B-R1 was not so easy. 2. KR-Q1, Q x KP; 3. P-B7 was one suggestion (e.g. . . . R(B2) x P; 4. R x R, Q x R; 5. R-Q7, Q-B8ch; 6. Q x Q, R x Qch; 7. K-R2 and black has no defence against R x P mate), but after 3 . . . Q x N; R-Q8ch, R x R; 5. P-B8=Q ('winning?') black has no need to take the new queen but can simply play 4 . . . P-K4 with R, B + 2Ps for Q and a solid position – if anything black stands better.

Another popular try was 2. QR-Q1, Q-N3; 3. R-Q7, Q x P; 4. Q x Pch! R x Q; 5. R x R mate, but after 2 . . . Q-QN5! white has no

convincing line. Correct is 2. P-B7! (intending 3. KR-Q1, Q-N3; 4. R-Q8ch, R x R; 5. P-B8-Q! winning) and if

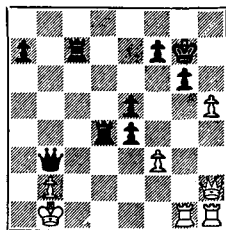
- (a) 2... B-N2; 3. KR-Q1, Q-N3; 4. R-Q6, Q-R4; 5. P-QN4! and 6. R-Q8ch
 (b) 2... Q-N3; 3. KR-Q1, R(B2) x P; 4. R x R, Q x R; 5. R-Q7 winning as after 2. KR-Q1?
 (c) 2... Q-QN5; 3. KR-Q1, Q-B1; 4. Q x Qch, R(B2) x Q; 5. R-Q7
 (d) 2... B-Q4, 3. N x B, Q x N (or 3... P x N; 4. Q-N5 and white's two passed pawns are decisive); 4. KR-Q1, Q-R1; 5. Q-N5! and the WR penetrates decisively on Q7 or Q8.

Problem 17 (1r5r/2pk4/1p1q1p/p2p1pP1/P1nPnP1P/1RPB2BK/2P1Q3/R7 - solution: 1... N x B; 2. K x N, R x P! etc.) did have an alternative, albeit unnecessarily complicated, solution, namely 1... R x Pch; 2. B x R, Q x P; 3. B x N (K4) (what else?) R-KR1; 4. Q-K1, Q-N5ch.

Problem 18 (3r2k1/5pbp/p5p1/q2n4/8/1P3QP/P5BP/5RBK - solution: 1. Q x Pch, K-R1; 2. R-Q1! and if 2... N-B3; 3. P-QN4! or 2... N-B6; 3. R-Q7, R-KN1; 4. B-Q4) requires a convincing finish, since white is obviously winning anyway. The only other reasonable possibility is 2. Q-N7! and black is powerless against the threatened R-B7.

Problem 22.

My further congratulations to Mr Taylor who having already produced the best solution of problem 14, decided to improve his and my analysis still further. In the diagram position I suggested that after 1. Q x Pch, K-B1! 2. Q x R (Q4), Q-B7ch; 3. K-R1 (or 2), R-B5 or 2. Q x R (B7), R-R5; black had sufficient counterplay. Mr Taylor thinks otherwise. So... white to play, how should the game go? Entries to me at the NEW STATESMAN post-marked not later than 9 March.



Solution to Problem 20: 1. R-K4! P-KR3(?); 2. B x BP! N x B; 3. Q-N4!! and the cross-pin forces the win of a pawn. The game continued 3... QR-K1; 4. R x N, R x R; 5. Q x R, B x B; 6. RP x B and white won.

Weekend Competition

No 2452

Set by E. O. Parrott

The usual prizes will be offered for 150-word essays on English prose style. Entries by 11 March. (Oh - the catch: you may use any words you like; but only once each. Cheers!)

No 2449

Set by Dandy

'It could not be said of the King that he toyed with his food...' Thus a *Times* obituarist of a royal glutton. We wanted more euphemistic elegies.

Report

by Spiro Keats

This comp was (quite rightly) set as an exercise for the Lower Sixth of the Gunnersbury Catholic School for Boys, two of whose efforts were forwarded to me by the Head of the English Department. I returned them, marked and corrected, with instructions that the entire class should be tanned, ostracised, detained, given lines and essays to write, etc, etc. Their entries were good all right; but the lads might as well learn now that the life of a Weekend Competitor has ever been a full of hardship and sorrow. £7.50 to the excellent 'Sagittarius' (who is this guy?), £5 each to his runners-up.

Unwillingness to take responsibility was never a fault noticeable in Marshal Stalin, since he tended to favour the continuity of an essentially personal rule. However, to avoid stagnation he regularly introduced new blood into his administration, refusing to allow veteran officials to outlive their usefulness. Usually these reshuffles were sudden and complete, typical of a man who did not believe in half-measures and who was nothing if not prompt in executing his designs. His dislike of shilly-shallying showed itself also in his elimination of much red tape and legal formality. Few indeed of those arrested during his reign could complain of the tedium of a protracted trial or a delayed verdict, and it is a striking proof

of the efficiency of his sentences that, in most cases, the first offence proved to be the last. In fact, although he may have displayed more robust vigour than delicate finesse, his worst enemy could not dispute his wholehearted interest and involvement in the lives of every citizen of his country.

SAGITTARIUS

Adolf Hitler was born into a family unbundled by bourgeois convention, and showed early promise as a colourist who presented his own distinctive view of reality. It is strange that almost none of his early, indeed his later, work survives: ironic that one who thought millennially should be so disregarded by his contemporaries. Not himself a sportsman, possibly owing to a physical disability which he successfully concealed from all but those most intimate with him, he yet encouraged the greatest possible physical exercise in others, for instance by supporting the Olympics in his typically colourful way, and by organising sponsored walks (though the phrase had not then even been coined) by his compatriots, throughout most of Europe and beyond. His racy prose barely concealed his impatience with intermediate solutions, and in general he was, of course, right. Sadly missed on several occasions during his lifetime, he finally proved his superiority by succeeding where all others had failed.

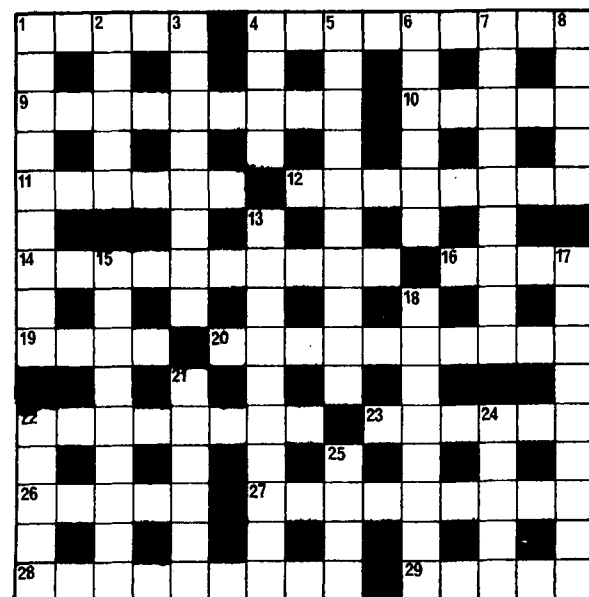
W. S. BROWNLIE

A. L. Rowse was never averse to entering the lists in a literary rough-and-tumble, and if he had espoused a point of view on any subject, be it the 'Dark Lady' or 'Mr. W.H.', he showed an enviable panache and tenacity in making forthright public declaration of his views - sometimes (with a quixotic gallantry which some had thought atrophied in our society) long after irrefutable evidence to the contrary had been adduced by less notorious scholars. He was never mealy-mouthed: he said and wrote whatever came into his head, serene in the belief that such *ex-cathedra* pronouncements did not need the adventitious sanction that grubbing about in archives might produce. Though a bachelor, he was a passionate Cornishman: his loyalty to his dear old Duchy was unquestioned, and even the lustiest and most rip-roaring of his innumerable books has what might be called a 'pasty' complexion.

B. I. ISHERVILLE

Weekend Crossword 1204

PRIZES: Book tokens of £2 for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1204, New Statesman, Great Turnstile, London WC1V 7HJ, by first post 8 March.



ACROSS

- A king would make this girl red (5).
- Disgrace makes girl bitter about peer's son (9).
- There would be reduced opportunity if the Oriental left the vehicle (9).
- Loop which provides good place to sleep (5).
- Girl in a tale about a donkey (6).
- Bossy persons who put years on husbands? (8).
- Disorderly place has to be arranged differently (10).
- Brilliant beginning cut short (4).
- Bring up what is often brought up (4).
- Transfer a player - it has its ups and downs (10).
- Posters showing eccentrics among Chinese Communist troops (8).
- Place in the sombre contours of the hills (6).
- Files which finish with poisoners (5).
- Put in again as still near being wrecked (9).
- Showed most of the record is put on (9).

- Around me assistance is carefully directed (5).

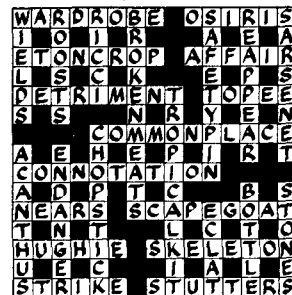
DOWN

- Sword of unknown capacity, by the sound of it (9).
- Mounds which are in an unusual shape (5).
- What remains in Svengali's transformation (8).
- Portray the back room (4).
- Town which has religious rite over nothing (10).
- No harp is played upon by the lonely one (6).
- Kind of stalls in which cart-horse is found? (9).
- So these ceremonies would form a string of propositions (5).
- China puts some money on race (5, 5).
- A relative in a home provides one of these feet (9).
- Newly inflamed with relatives among the communist controlled (9).
- Grace says it's mother who does the chores (8).

- Being a dependant, a girl embraces a fool (6).
- Closely scanned from the top or side (5).
- Working woman of eighteen married for her attractiveness (5).
- Generous type (4).

SET SQUARE

Solution to No 1202



Prizewinners to No 1202

Joan Morgan (Austin)
 C. S. Wilson (Hove)
 A. C. F. Chambre (Harrow)

APPOINTMENTS

UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES — BARBADOS

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in the Department of Government and Sociology. In making an appointment to this post preference will be given to applicants competent to teach Personnel Management and Industrial Relations. Duties to be assumed not later than October 1, 1977.

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Detailed applications (six copies) including a curriculum vitae naming three referees should be sent as soon as possible to the REGISTRAR, UNIVERSITY OF THE WEST INDIES, MONA, KINGSTON 7, JAMAICA.

The University will send further particulars for this post to all applicants. These particulars may also be obtained from the Inter-University Council for Higher Education Overseas, 90-91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT.

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Detailed applications (2 copies), including a curriculum vitae and naming 3 referees, should be sent by airmail, not later than 9 March 1977 to the Registrar, University of Zambia, PO Box 2379, Lusaka, Zambia. Applicants resident in UK should also send 1 copy to Inter-University Council, 90/91 Tottenham Court Road, London W1P 0DT. Further particulars may be obtained from either address.

UNIVERSITY OF KENT AT CANTERBURY

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Further particulars and application forms may be obtained from the Assistant Registrar, Faculty of Humanities, The Registry, The University, Canterbury, Kent, quoting reference A.3/77, by whom completed applications should be received not later than Friday, 25 March 1977.

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Job description may be obtained from Mrs Anne Edwards on 01-323 4757. For informal discussion please contact Mr D. Plank, Secretary (Research and Intelligence), on the same number. Applications to: Secretary and Chief Officer, PSSC, Brook House, 2-16 Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN. There are no formal application forms. Closing date: Friday 18 March 1977.

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Meetings continued from p. 272

'MULTINATIONALS IN THE CONTEXT OF the New International Economic Order' Speakers: John Blair International Relations Consultant for Shell; Larry Whitty, Head of Research Dept. at the GMWU, Monday 28 February 6.30 p.m. Focus Group, Royal Commonwealth Society, 18 Northumberland Ave. WC2.

'ALTERNATIVES IN EDUCATION' Alternative society seminar led by Mike Lydiat, Shetfield University 4, 5, 6 March. Details from Lower Shaw Farm, Shaw, Swindon 771080.

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THEODOR HERZL SOCIETY. Tues. 1 March 1977 8.15 p.m. at Hannah Karminski House, 9 Adamson Road, NW3. Lower Ground Floor Hall, Mr Malcolm Rifkind MP 'British Policy towards the Arab-Israeli Boycott'.

ADLERIAN SOCIETY: 'Life Under Extreme Oppression - Psychological Conclusions', Erich Weissmann MD. Tuesday 1 March 7.30 p.m. Alliance Hall, Palmer St. SW1. Visitors welcome 30p. (Students 10p).

BUDDHIST SOCIETY. 58 Eccleston Square, London SW1. Sat. 26 Feb. 3 p.m. 'Open Day'. Tues. 1 March 6.30 p.m. 'Introducing Buddhism'. Wed. 2 March 6.30 p.m. Public Lecture - 'Teaching of Zen Master Seung Sahn' - Anne Bancroft. All welcome. Send s.a.e. for full programme.

RAMAKRISHNA VEDANTA CENTRE. 54 Holland Park, W11. 27 Feb. 'Bhakti Yoga and the Practice of Japa' by Swami Bhavananda at 5 p.m. All welc. Vedanta mag. 40p.

THEOSOPHY. Informal Forum on Basic Theosophy. Sun. 27 Feb. 8 p.m. S.a.e. for free pamphlet, book list, programme of talks, ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2

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FEMALE, 39, Sep., attractive, affectionate, good-natured, looking for kind, straightforward man. London/Surrey. Box 6864.

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Theatres

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Exhibitions

SOWETO & THE UPRISING OF 1976 in South Africa. An exhibition of photographs prepared by The International Defence and Aid Fund for Southern Africa at the Africa Centre, 38 King Street, London WC2. 28 February-5 March, 12 noon-10 p.m. daily. The 150 photographs in this exhibition form a unique and moving visual record of the 1976 events. What had begun as a peaceful protest by schoolchildren became a popular uprising against the Apartheid system. IDAF, 104 Newgate Street, London EC1. Tel. 606 6123.

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Details from Katherine Chedburn, Central Library, Saint Nicholas Way, Sutton, Surrey. 01-643 4461

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Meetings

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. Lunch Hour Lectures, 1.20 to 2. Admission free. 1 March 'Antique Land' by Mr H. C. Prince; 3 March 'Big Brother is Watching You - OK?' by Professor P. A. Samet.

SIR ROLAND PENROSE, Founder of the ICA, will give a lecture in English on 'Andre Masson' on Wednesday 2 March at 6.15 p.m. (in conjunction with Exhibition 3-23 March, Mon.-Fri. 10-6), at the French Institute, Queensberry Place, SW7. 01-589 6211 ext. 38. Admission free.

HEALTH, ENVIRONMENT and the Economy: Government economic policy may endanger health. Discussion led by Peter Draper, Gordon Best, Lamb and Flag, Rose Street, London WC2. Tuesday, 1 March, 6.30 p.m. All welcome. Socialist Environment and Resources Association.

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